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REVIEWS.

THE MASTER.

The Life and Letters of Benjamin Jowett, M.A., Master of Balliol College, Oxford. By Evelyn Abbott and Lewis Campbell. (John Murray.)

THIS is the authoritative record of him who for several generations, not by Balliol only, but by all Oxford, was spoken of fondly and familiarly as "The Master." To the outer world, knowing Jowett hitherto but by the rhapsody of Mr. Swinburne or the presentment of the Boswellian Mr. Tollemache, it should come as a revelation of one of the most fascinating, and probably one of the most potent, personalities of the century. All praise is due to Prof. Campbell and Dr. Evelyn Abbott, old pupils and friends of Jowett, for the way in which they have accomplished their difficult task. Dr. Abbott, in particular, whom we knew to be learned, displays considerable literary gifts in that volume, the second, which falls to his share. Terse, pungent, not wholly discreet, he has produced, both by narrative and selection, a most salient and sympathetic portrait of the man he would honour. The real Jowett probably eludes description; so far as an impalpable influence can be formulated, it is done in these pages.

Prof. Jowett came of a Yorkshire family who from yeomen had become for the most part clergymen of the Evangelical type. His father, though not in orders, was the friend and devoted fellow-worker of Lord Shaftesbury. The youthful Benjamin was sent to St. Paul's, where he is described as "a pretty looking boy-youth who wore a perpetual sort of green sateen which never got, in my time, to the dignity of a coat-tail, but stuck to the less dignified one of a jacket." Just as Milton was known as "The Lady of Christ's," so was Jowett to his school-fellows "Miss Jowett." It was still in a round jacket and a turned-down collar that Jowett came as a scholar to Balliol in 1835, and won from Mrs. Grote the nickname of "The Cherub." As an undergraduate he was something of a recluse,

and so obviously poor that his friends hesitated to accept his invitations to tea. His tutors were Tait, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, and Robert Scott, part author of the great lexicon. In 1839 he had the almost unprecedented success of being chosen Fellow of Balliol while still a scholar. "We have elected," said Dr. Jenkyns, the Master, "a little child." At this time Jowett's chief friends were W. G. Ward, of "Ideal" fame, and A. P. Stanley, who became his lifelong ally. Under the influence of Ward he nearly threw in his lot with the followers of Newman:

"I sometimes think," he said about 1856, "that but for some divine providence I might have become a Roman Catholic. I had resolved to read through the Fathers, and if I found Puseyism there I was to become a Puseyite. It is not unlikely that I might have found it, but before I had gone through my task the vacation ended, and on returning to Oxford we found that Ward was going to be married! After that the Tractarian impulse subsided, and while some of us took to German Philosophy, others turned to lobster suppers and champagne. They called that 'being unworldly.'"

Jowett was one of those who took to German Philosophy. He came under the influence of Hegel, and with Stanley and such converts from Newmanism as Froude and Pattison, formed the little group of Oxford Liberals. While remaining firm against the official persecution of the Tractarians by the Evangelicals, they devoted themselves to the rational study of theology, and to the practical question of University reform. These two subjects occupied much of Jowett's energies for many years, but they were always subordinate to the work of the college tutorship which he accepted in 1842.

"In this," says Prof. Campbell, "he laboured as if it were the sole purpose of his life; turning all other interests to account in ennobling and enriching this. It might without exaggeration be said of him in relation to his pupils that 'all things were for their sakes.'"

Under his care Balliol rapidly came to the front; a cult of him grew up among his pupils and ex-pupils, and through them he became a *persona grata* in the larger world. In 1854 he fell upon evil days of disappointment and persecution. He failed to be elected Master of his college, and though he was made Regius Professor of Greek, that professorship was practically without emoluments, and neither the University nor Christ Church could be persuaded for many years to endow it. This was largely due to the High Church dislike of Jowett's heterodox theology. The essay on the Atonement in his *Epistles of St. Paul* (1855) and the essay on the Interpretation of Scripture in *Essays and Reviews* (1860) brought the horns about his ears. He never forgot the blow to his position as a teacher which followed the reception of these essays. Moreover, he was still a poor man, and had to devote much of his income to the support of his parents. He now put aside the design of marrying, and this loss also he felt to the end. In the meantime his hold upon his pupils and his college was growing. He became Master of Balliol at last, in 1870. In the same year was published his great translation of Plato. Until his death, in 1893, he presided over

the destinies of his college, and to a large extent, especially during his Vice-Chancellorship of 1882-1886, over those of the University. He continued, by reading-parties and otherwise, the habit of intimate personal intercourse with as many of the undergraduates as possible. His "young men" filled Church and State. He was the friend and counsellor of many of the great, wise, and eminent of the nation, and at his death seven Heads of Houses who had been his pupils bore the pall.

It is difficult for those who did not come directly under the influence of this great man to fully understand the "secret of Jowett." In the Oxford of his last ten years he still loomed large. Those who did not willingly attend divine service elsewhere crowded the Balliol chapel to hear him preach. But with admiration was mingled criticism. He was said to domineer the Hebdomadal Council, and to be a past master in the art of obstruction; he was said to doze before the fire under the cover of abstract thought; he was said to be a tuft-hunter; he was said—quite untrue, we are sure—to take pleasure in making young men uncomfortable by inconvenient questions or studied rudeness. The fact is, that during this period, for all his reputation, he was isolated in Oxford. He could not cast in his lot with the reactionaries, for that would have meant an alliance with the clergy who distrusted him, and whom he despised; and with the later Oxford Liberalism he was hardly in sympathy. It was markedly political, and Jowett was neither a democrat nor a Home Ruler. To women's education he gave a half-hearted support, thinking it a somewhat hazardous and doubtful experiment. University Extension, though he worked for it, was a subject for irony. Of the younger generation of dons he had but a small opinion:

"They want to marry," he said, "and they have no money. They want to write, and have no originality. They want to be scholars and have no industry. They want to be fine gentlemen and are deficient in manners. When they have families they will be at their wits' end to know how to provide for them. Many of them have the fretfulness of *parvenus*, and will always have this unfortunate temper of mind."

This was the Jowett of the Vice-Chancellorship; the Jowett of the forty years from 1840 to 1880, and the Jowett to the last of those with whom he was in touch, we may find in the pages of the *Life and Letters*. What, then, was it that Jowett did for Oxford? Much of a tangible kind, in actual reform, in the humanising of her studies, in the methodising of her examinations: much, also, in the widening of her borders and the liberalising of her theology; most of all, perhaps, in the Platonising of her philosophy. Between the Aristotelian and the Platonic mode of thought there is all the world; and it is not going too far to say that Jowett found Oxford Aristotelian, and left her Platonic. He insisted on the *Republic*, and the *Republic*, not the *Ethics* or the *Analogy*, is now the leading text-book of the schools. Jowett did much, but it is clear from what Prof. Campbell and Dr. Abbott

have to tell us, and from the testimonies of others which they have collected, that it is not by what he did, but by what he was, that he will be remembered. His real greatness was in the intimate influence over the plastic minds of the young, which is the prerogative of the heaven-sent teacher. Whatever else Jowett was, he was a teacher first, and witness after witness comes to acknowledge the infinite pains, the unexampled tact, the unflinching sympathy, the unconquerable idealism which he brought to bear in his relations with his pupils. He founded no philosophical school; he had not, like his friend Thomas Hill Green, a system; but he had the power, less intellectual than moral, of stimulus, which is at the heart of all education; he had the genius for bestowing and inspiring affection, and, shy scholar as he was, he was able to bring men face to face with their best selves, to spur them on by encouragement and warning to the utmost efforts of which they were capable. The influence of a Jowett, as of a Socrates, eludes definition; something of it breathes through his letters, especially through the series addressed to Dean Stanley, of whose brilliant, but less stable, disposition he was always the Mentor, and through those written towards the close of his life to two girl friends, Miss C. M. Symonds and Miss Margot Tennant, now Mrs. Asquith. Jowett's letters are admirable, alike for their ethical fervour, for their delicate and gracious humanity, and for the Attic salt of their composition. Two specimens may serve to illustrate the last of these characteristics. Of Bishop Samuel Wilberforce he writes that he is an excellent man "if you do not mind being semi-humbugged by a semi-humbug"; and again:

"I am always sorry when an eminent man dies, even when I think the continuance of his life rather an evil than a good; yet I do not think that he was worse than about half the bishops, but he was more versatile and able."

And of Archbishop Tait:

"The Archbishop was always a very kind friend to me, though in the book he says that he thought I had a curious mind because I took absolutely no interest in these ritual controversies. He was quite right, and I wonder how he or anybody else could take an interest in them. He was an excellent man and a gentleman, very good and very Scotch; but I miss in the book, as I used to miss in his conversation, any interest about truth in the higher sense. He did not seem to think that it was of the least importance compared with 'keeping the Church together.' If he had possessed this element he would have been a great man."

It will probably be a surprise to many to find how far Jowett diverged in later life from the position of theological orthodoxy. The *Essays and Reviews* were a starting rather than a terminal point. Miracles, for instance, which he accepted in 1846, appeared to him a superstition in 1876. In the same year he writes:

"Were the writers of the New Testament inspired when they wrote in any other sense than they were during the rest of their lives? . . . Is there any difference between St. Bernard and Plato except that they were men of genius of a different kind—the one a religious genius, the other a philosophical and poetical genius? . . . If so, every great and good man is in-

spired, or none at all, and all the great thoughts of mankind are to be treated as part of the sacred inheritance."

Yet with growing unorthodoxy we may trace a growing spirituality. In a private note-book he writes:

"Morning and evening prayers are almost impossible to me. Church is difficult; but I desire more and more never to let a day pass without some idea or aspiration arising in my mind; and this appears to be retained. I am always thinking of death and of God, and of the improvement of human nature, though sometimes interrupted by false and petty conceits of self."

Among Jowett's minor services to Oxford we may note the encouragement of the theatre during his Vice-Chancellorship, and the introduction of Sunday concerts into Balliol. He was generous in money matters, and gave the college a great organ and, though he was no athlete, a cricket-ground. His taste in English letters was fine, if not catholic. Shakespeare's *Comedies*, Boswell's *Johnson*, and Selden's *Table-Talk* were his favourite books. He greatly admired Tennyson and George Eliot, who were among his personal friends. Shelley he did not appreciate either as man or poet. "They had better have left him where the late Mrs. Shelley left him, for it is impossible to convert him into a decent or honourable man." About Browning, though he made him an Honorary Fellow of Balliol, he was doubtful. "Porphyria's Lover" he thought "poor, sad stuff." Of "Christmas Eve and Easter Day" he wrote:

"It is Browning's noblest work, written in his highest, though a fluctuating mood of mind. . . . He deepens many things, unveils and unfolds human nature, but he deepens them into greater scepticism; there is no rest in him. He is also very extravagant, perverse, topsyturvy, obscure; he has art without beauty, and a grim humour hardly intelligible. Nowhere is he really affected by the great themes of poets—love, or ambition, or enthusiasm. Isolated in the world, *μυρίσθους ἀνὴρ*, neither epic nor dramatic, but semi-dramatic."

The criticism seems to throw light rather upon Jowett's limitations than upon Browning's.

Two literary schemes Jowett never lived to realise. He intended a Life of Christ and an Essay on Morals. The Greek professorship came first, and the translations of Plato, Aristotle, and Thucydides, even with the help of younger scholars, were a laborious achievement. Yet the vanishing of those dreams the world will not fail to regret.

LANDSCAPE IN POETRY.

Landscape in Poetry from Homer to Tennyson.

By Francis T. Palgrave, late Professor of Poetry in the University of Oxford. (Macmillan & Co.)

A REVIEW of poetry in antiquity—Hebrew, Greek, Latin; in the "dark" ages; in the thirteenth-century dawn of a second long European day; in even the measurable best of Italy; nay, in England herself before Elizabeth or between Charles the Second and the end of the eighteenth century—this might have yielded a land-

scape well within the range of an historian's eyes. But it was hardly possible to see, to describe, to name, the landscape of the Shakesperian poetry, or that of the poetry of the century just closing, as the poets of England and of France have sung its beauty, its days and nights, its seasons, its mystery, its manifold inspirations. The only approximately just way would have been to take the most beautiful, the most representative of the modern landscape-passages. Let us say at once, then, that the first part of Mr. Palgrave's book is the best. And his best is, needless to say, most excellent. He is enthusiastic without excitement—a last century writer would have said zealous without enthusiasm; that is, he never loses the sense of relation, never lets the critic's memory, which has to check present and pressing experiences, grow used or dull. He makes, moreover, no vertical divisions among the poets, excluding these on the plea that theirs are alien heights, fencing in the heights he loves; for him there are no alien heights, and he makes no division except the horizontal line that divides the highest from the lower, and the lower into degrees. Or this is his intention, and that intention forms his credentials, and gave authority to the *Golden Treasury*. But in the present work there is an inevitable arbitrariness. There is too much of fine landscape in modern poetry to be treated in the latter part of a rather small volume. It is rather to be regretted that such a book as *Landscape in Poetry* must have the appearance of an anthology. For it is only against an anthology, challenging the judgment of readers whether all the gathered poems are not conspicuously the best of their kind, that a complaint will lie. In a word, Mr. Francis Turner Palgrave has taken the opportunity of his book on landscape to distinguish one or two minor modern poets by citation, where there was not room enough for passages from the greater poems of the greatest poets. He was perfectly free to do this. It may, perhaps, be even the most interesting partial manner of doing what there was not space to do completely. It is, perhaps, because of the *Golden Treasury* that we expected from Mr. T. Palgrave an unwinking responsibility.

It seems to us that from this unrelaxed attitude of authority he has dispensed himself in the latter part of the present valuable work. In the first part he takes the judicial position of a historian who is also a ruling critic, and whose signals are watched by students. But the historian's special part is the more important and the foremost in the work of surveying the landscape of older literature. It is one of the happiest tasks in all literature to gather the passages of landscape poetry from the Greek epic—they are so few, so lonely, and so fine. They stand, as it were, with the atmosphere around them and the light upon them. They have the respect of ages, without which their simplicity would go uncrowned, and the attention of ages, without which their singleness would be indistinct. In Greek lyrical, idyllic, and epigrammatic poetry the rareness, the solitariness is less majestic, the

unconsciousness is less; there is not merely an image or similitude of human things, as when the flowing of Penelope's tears is epically likened to the filling of mountain rivers by the zephyr-melted snows; there is the quicker and more conscious cry, "O would I were the Kingfisher, as he flies with his mates . . . the sea-bright bird of spring." Egoism seems to us to be the almost universal inspiration of this growing commerce with nature. As the modern rhymers of the North loves the storm at night because he has the shelter of his home at command, and makes haste to *embourgeoiser* himself, the winds, his hearth, and his wife, in the sense of comfort, so the Greek, so the Roman, was apt to honour the tree for its shade. And so, with a finer, but similar, desire, does the Psalmist watch the flight of a dove into the distance. He feels the counter stroke of self, the relapse, and the failure; the leap towards peace has fallen short, and the poet knows he has not wings; nor does his soul follow the innocent flight generously, taking wing in thought with the dove on the dove's own errand; his is the negative—the impossibility, the denial, and the sigh—no more.

The sacred writer's landscape and nature are a part of English as well as of Hebrew literature. Englishmen read the Greek and Latin landscape in the original, the Hebrew in the English of the eve of Elizabethan poetry. Biblical English is not—the reader may need to be reminded, by the way—Elizabethan, it is not the English that was so soon to break into the chorus and concert in praise of May and meadows; it is the English of the grave fast and vigil of that festival. It was the English of Henry VIII.; a generation and three reigns altered it afterwards into the tongue that sang English seasons, the changes and the lights and shadows of the temperate North; it had, in a younger form, sung those seasons and that climate in the time of Chaucer. By the peculiar unity of language, the alien Semitic antiquity is far more intimately familiar to us than the kindred Aryan antiquity of the "classics." That is, of course, too well known a truth to pause upon. But the influence of the Hebrew spirit upon the earlier English contemplation of nature might be a matter to study.

It ought not to have been necessary to explain the absence from Mr. Palgrave's book of such elaborate and important landscape as that of modern French poetry, for example. It is obvious that he had no purpose to make a book of translations. The snatches—they are no more—from the Greek do not—by courtesy—need translating, and yet are—by courtesy—translated. Thus the way is made twice plain. The originals are given, and Mr. Palgrave's admirable versions are given with them. And their brevity makes the whole process manageable; but it would be far otherwise in the case of the *Chants des Rues et des Bois*. No single volume would contain even so much as a representative selection from the French, and the translation would be a special, separate, and expert work, not to be undertaken as an

incident. True, there is something quoted—and very finely treated—from Dante; but here again the fewness and the brevity of the landscape passages make their introduction and their translation possible. It is England, then, or rather Britain, that makes the greater part of Mr. Palgrave's book—even though it would not have been at all the book it is had there been nothing except English within it; and the limitations are inevitable. The chapter on Celtic and Gaelic poetry gives us, among other beautiful things, a passage from "the last and greatest of the mediæval bards," Dafydd ap Gwilym, born probably about 1340, which is rendered by the English of Mr. Vaughan Jones; it celebrates the marriage of the bard, and is a rapturous, spiritual, natural, and mystical ecstasy. "Under the mantles of the splendid green hazels," the thrush is as a priest, who wears a cassock of "the flapping wind," prophesies without ceasing, and "reads to the parish the Gospel without stammering; and the bells of the Mass continually did ring." This is a note of exquisite delirium which is assuredly not to be heard from Chaucer. Equally unlike the Welsh, albeit with a masculine wildness of their own, are the Anglo-Saxon fragments left to us of our first national literature after the library-burning savages of the sixteenth century had destroyed the greater part of what had escaped the Norman and the Dane.

No reader could desire a stronger or more sensitive guide than Mr. Palgrave, through Elizabethan meadows or the gardens of poets under the Stuart kings, or a gentler one through the walks of the eighteenth century. A reader here and there, however, may grudge the precious space given to Byron's "horrid crags, by toppling convent crowned," than which nothing could be sillier (without simplicity) or more artificial (without grace). It is a humiliation to come upon this ready-made phrase after the hearty past. By the way, are our critics aware that Byron is the father of their split infinitive? "To slowly trace," says the noble poet, "the forest's shady scene." Although Mr. Palgrave quotes poets who outlived Tennyson (we could have wished to see more than a single ode of Coventry Patmore, whose landscape was in the highest sense classic) he closes his book with Tennyson, and with a tender and serious profession of faith in that great poet's "immortality." The word is used with misgiving; "those few hundred years of life which man pleases himself with naming immortality"—these he claims for the poet of "Cenone."

THE COMIC SPIRIT.

An Essay on Comedy. By George Meredith.
(A. Constable & Co.)

It is patent that no living writer more fittingly could expound the theory of Comedy and the Comic Spirit than Mr. Meredith. Many of his novels lack only the dramatic form to fulfil every requirement of high Comedy, and no one is more richly stored with the Comic Spirit. In the

narrow compass of the volume before us, which has but a hundred pages, Mr. Meredith analyses this spirit with a brilliancy possible only to himself. It is a little work of extreme suggestiveness, and no one at all seriously interested in the subject can afford not to read it. Mr. Meredith has never written more flexibly than in this essay, which was originally prepared for oral delivery at the London Institution, twenty years ago.

The finest Comedy, Mr. Meredith considers, is that of Molière. The English school, he says, "has not clearly imagined society; and of the mind hovering above congregated men and women it has imagined nothing." The comic writer (using comic in the sense in which it is employed by Mr. Meredith) must see society steadily and see it whole. Molière did so. Hence, as John Stuart Mill said, the French know men and women more accurately than we do; they can continually revert to their standards—the characters in the Molière comedies—for corroboration and refreshment. Shakespeare's characters, says Mr. Meredith, are often saturated with the comic spirit, but they are over-proof; "creatures of the woods and wilds, not in walled towns, not grouped and toned to pursue a comic exhibition of the narrower world of society." Shakespeare, moreover, favours literary or poetical Comedy rather than that Comedy which, like Molière's, is a mirror of life. Mr. Meredith singles out Millamant and Mirabel in "The Way of the World" as the two finest figures in English Comedy; he places, however, Congreve low in comparison with Molière. To Congreve's style he gives the highest praise, so succinct and forcible is it. "In this he is a classic, and is worthy of treading a measure with Molière." Contrasting the art of the two men, Mr. Meredith describes Congreve's as

"a Toledo blade sharp and wonderfully supple for steel; cast for duelling, restless in the scabbard, being so pretty when out of it. To shine it must have an adversary."

Molière's, on the other hand, is like

"a running brook, with innumerable fresh lights on it at every turn of the wood through which its business is to find a way. It does not run in search of obstructions, to be noisy over them; but when dead leaves and viler substances are heaped along the course, its natural song is heightened. Without effort, and with no dazzling flashes of achievement, it is full of healing, the wit of good breeding, the wit of wisdom."

This, too, is wit, and wit of a high order.

Passing from pure Comedy, the critic enters upon his study of the Comic Spirit. The following fine passage sets forth his conception of what the office of that watchful spirit is:

"If you believe that our civilisation is founded in common-sense (and it is the first condition of sanity to believe it), you will, when contemplating men, discern a Spirit overhead: not more heavenly than the light flashed upward from glassy surfaces, but luminous and watchful, never shooting beyond them, nor lagging in the rear; so closely attached to them that it may be taken for a slavish reflex, until its features are studied. It has the sage's brows, and the sunny malice of a faun lurks at the corners of the half-closed lips drawn in an

idle wariness of half tension. That slim feasting smile, shaped like the long-bow, was once a big round satyr's laugh, that flung up the brows like a fortress lifted by gunpowder. The laugh will come again, but it will be of the order of the smile, finely tempered, showing sunlight of the mind, mental richness rather than noisy enormity. Its common aspect is one of unsolicitous observation, as if surveying a full field and having leisure to dart on its chosen morsels, without any fluttering eagerness. Men's future upon earth does not attract it; their honesty and shapeliness in the present does; and whenever they wax out of proportion, overblown, affected, pretentious, bombastical, hypocritical, pedantic, fantastically delicate; whenever it sees them self-deceived or hoodwinked, given to run riot in idolatries, drifting into vanities, congregating in absurdities, planning short-sightedly, plotting demotedly; whenever they are at variance with their professions, and violate the unwritten but perceptible laws binding them in consideration one to another; whenever they offend sound reason, fair justice; are false in humility or mixed with conceit, individually, or in the bulk—the Spirit overhead will look humanely malign and cast an oblique light on them, followed by volleys of silvery laughter. That is the Comic Spirit."

Aristophanes is cited as the ideal possessor of the Comic Spirit. Mr. Meredith writes of the laughing bald-pate, as Aristophanes called himself with joy. He flings himself into the appreciation—enthusiastic, eloquent. Aristophanes, he says in one place, is

"an aggregate of many men, all of a certain greatness. We may build up a conception of his powers if we mount Rabelais upon Hudibras, lift him with the songfulness of Shelley, give him a vein of Heinrich Heine, and cover him with the mantle of the Anti-Jacobin, adding (that there may be some Irish in him) a dash of Grattan, before he is in motion."

This is an ingenious recipe. Embrace both Aristophanes and Molière, Mr. Meredith says elsewhere—that is, embrace both Comedy and the Comic Spirit—and you have the whole scale of laughter in your breast. Aristophanes," he concludes mournfully, "is not to be revived; but if his method were studied some of the fire in him would come to us, and we might be revived." Taking them generally, says Mr. Meredith, the English public are most in sympathy with the primitive Aristophanic comedy, "where the comic is capped by the grotesque, irony tips the wit, and satire is a naked sword." He makes it clear that pure comedy cannot thrive in this country. We are too composite a people. For one thing, we are too sentimental; for another, too Puritanic; for a third, too Bacchanalian. Also we have not yet spiritually comprehended the significance of living in society.

The Comic Spirit does not often inhabit our writers. Fielding, Chaucer, Shakespeare, Pope, and Cowper had it to perfection; Byron had "splendid powers of humour, and the most poetic satire that we have had example of, fusing at times to hard irony. He had no strong comic sense, or he would not have taken an anti-social position." The English genius prefers satire. On the other hand, "no one," remarks Mr. Meredith, "would presume to say that we are deficient in jokers." A test for home application may not be inappropriate to close with:

"You may estimate," says Mr. Meredith,

"your capacity for comic perception by being able to detect the ridicule of them you love, without loving them less, and more by being able to see yourself somewhat ridiculous in dear eyes, and accepting the correction their image of you proposes."

We do not want Mr. Meredith to divert any energy from novel-writing, and yet we wish he could find it in his power to dip more often into criticism. He does it superbly.

EOZOON AND EVOLUTION.

Relics of Primeval Life. By Sir J. William Dawson. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

IN this compact little volume the "*doyen* of Canadian geologists" gives permanent form to a course of lectures delivered in 1895 to a Boston audience on the problematical *Eozoon Canadense*, and its bearing on the origin of life and biological evolution generally. Naturalists will certainly be glad to have this comprehensive treatment of the subject by one who, if not the actual discoverer, has been intimately associated with the find ever since it was first submitted to the consideration of palaeontologists by Sir W. E. Logan, some thirty-five years ago. The story need not here be repeated of the angry discussions which broke out at the time, and which have not yet been settled, regarding the true character of the substance: some, with Prof. King and others, maintaining its mineral origin, others, with the author and the late Dr. Carpenter, risking their reputation on its organic nature. This latter view Sir William still loyally adheres to, and supports his contention with some fresh evidence, and with further arguments of a more abstract character, which may at least claim the serious attention of the "sceptics." He holds that we have here an organism of a low type, whose position may even be determined in the sub-kingdom Protozoa, as one of the foraminifera, which form a separate order in the class Rhizopoda (Huxley's Myriopoda).

The difficulty biologists feel in accepting such a conclusion lies in the fact that the known beginnings of life would thereby be shifted as far back from the Cambrian as this system is remote from the present time—that is to say, right through the Huronian, and even the Upper Laurentian, which, apart from its plumbago deposits of doubtful organic origin, is usually regarded as absolutely azoic. But so far from shirking this inference, which would increase the duration of life on the globe by many millions of years, our author contends that such an increase must be allowed, and that, in point of fact, the shallow Laurentian waters swarmed with a protozoan fauna which was one of the chief factors in building up the crust of the earth. The term *azoic* he would restrict to the true Archæan or Lower Laurentian, substituting *eozoic*, a word of his own invention, for the fossil-bearing Grenvillian (Upper Laurentian) and Etcheminian series, leading up to the palæozoic Cambrian rocks.

Besides Eozoon, reference is made to several other contemporary Protozoa, such

as Archæozoon, Archæospherinae, Archæophyton—some discovered by the author, some first described or named by Matthew, Billings, and others in America, and in Europe by Gümbel. Much weight is laid on the testimony of Gümbel, in whom Eozoon has certainly found an able champion on the Continent, and whose researches are stated to have established "the existence of Eozoon fossils in all the Laurentian limestones of the middle and north of Europe." Altogether, it will readily be allowed that the hypothesis has received much support from recent observations in both hemispheres, while Sir William's arguments lose none of their force by the temperate language with which they are urged, and by his generally courteous bearing towards his opponents. Thus, at p. 222:

"I confess that I feel disposed to treat very tenderly the position of objectors. The facts I have stated make large demands on the faith of the greater part even of naturalists. Very few geologists or naturalists have much knowledge of the structure of foraminiferal shells, or would be able under the microscope to recognise them with certainty. Nor have they any distinct ideas of the appearances of such structures under different kinds of preservation and mineralisation. Further, they have long been accustomed to regard the so-called Azoic or Archæan rocks as not only destitute of organic remains, but as being in such a state of metamorphism that these could not have been preserved had they existed. . . . In these circumstances it is rather wonderful that the researches made with reference to Eozoon have met with so general acceptance, and that the resurrection of this ancient inhabitant of the earth has not aroused more of the sceptical tendency of our age."

But in connexion with the Eozoon controversy Sir William revives his somewhat peculiar views on the broader question of biological development, and here he not only becomes aggressive, but even unfair towards the leading exponents of evolution as now understood. "Haeckel, one of the prophets of the new philosophy, waves his magic wand, and simple masses of sarcodes spring from inorganic matter," &c. Others are "enthusiastic speculators and caterers of sensational popular science"; their suggestion of missing links in the organic series, which links must be allowed under any theory, are spoken of as filling up gaps "by plausible conjectures," while a "Darwinian biologist" is described as "an insatiable enthusiast who feels himself aggrieved if not supplied with infinity itself wherein to carry on the processes of his science."

It may seem surprising that such determined opposition to the modern theory of organic evolution should be displayed by a naturalist, who on the other hand contends so vigorously for an extension of life on the globe far longer than is claimed by any of these "insatiable enthusiasts," and presumably far beyond the limits allowable by the most liberal orthodoxy. But such apparent inconsistencies are not rare among conservative leaders of thought, and the names of Agassiz, the Abbé Bourgeois, and many others might be mentioned as cases in point. Nor is it very easy to determine Sir William Dawson's attitude towards "the new philosophy." In one place he speaks the language of an advanced Spencerian,

agreeing with those "who hold the modern theories of gradual evolution," who "repudiate the idea that the Lower Cambrian fauna can be primitive," and who "demand a vast series of changes in previous time to prepare the way for it." Then he essays to explore the dim and mysterious past, and "to ascertain what forms, if any, are visible amid its fogs and mists."

But elsewhere the solution of biological problems is sought, not in observation, but in creation, and even in multi-creation after the manner of Cuvier. The plan of creation is certainly allowed to be progressive, but not continuous; that is to say, the lower forms of life do not pass by gradual change into the higher, but either persist unchanged, or with but slight varietal change, or else die out, and are then succeeded by more specialised forms "successively introduced." Change is allowed, but only within narrow limits, and the study of evolution is the study, not of one or more archetypes with endless modifications and ramifications, but the study of a large number of types, which make their appearance independently in successive geological ages, and which either become extinct from time to time, or live on without developing any greatly divergent later forms. Thus the various animal series are graphically represented not by branches springing from a common stem, but by a corresponding series of parallel lines converging at neither end. "It seems that each leading line, as we trace it back, ends in a blind alley, just where we might suppose that it was about to pass into another path" (p. 287). Hence even man himself "is still man in all the deposits in which we can find his remains, and as remote from the apes of his time, in so far as we know, as he is from those now his contemporaries" (p. 288). The inference is that the most highly specialised of living beings has followed an independent line of development, which in past time never converges on a common anthropoid stem. It is difficult to understand how this view can still be upheld after the interval between the Neanderthal race and a generalised Simian stock going far back into the Miocene age has been half bridged over by Dr. Dubois' *Pithecanthropus erectus*.

GREEK WRITERS.

Ancient Greek Literature. By Prof. Gilbert Murray. (William Heinemann.)

It is a large tribute to the vitality and enduring attractiveness of Greek literature and Greek history that, in spite of all that has been already written on either subject, year by year new books are still produced that suggest new points of view, or disinter qualities that have hitherto escaped unnoticed. Only the other day we had Mr. Dickinson's admirable little book on the *Greek View of Life*—so fresh and suggestive in its treatment of a well-worn theme—and now we welcome a history of Greek literature from Prof. Murray which, whatever may be its faults, cannot be denied the merit of originality. The title of the book is to some extent a misnomer. This is not

a history of Greek literature in the best sense of the word. It is, indeed, rather chaotic in its plan—a series of brilliant studies of the Greek writers, with little attempt to elucidate the historical continuity of Greek literature, or the interdependence of one writer on another. It is full of paradox, of startling judgments and judgments meant to startle, of unproved theories disguised as familiar facts, and of fresh, courageous, and suggestive criticism. The studies are not all of equal merit. The writer has his predilections and his limits. He loves and admirably appreciates Herodotus; we doubt his affection for Thucydides, for whom, at any rate, he says nothing that has not been said before. He defends the Sophists against the Socratics, but on insufficient grounds, and values Isocrates surely above his merits. He illuminates with new light the genius of Euripides, disclosing points that have escaped almost all previous critics, but he is dull to the real greatness of Sophocles, whom he considers conventional, and more artist than poet. To Euripides, indeed, is devoted the best study in the series. It is evident that Prof. Murray is attracted by the modern note, we had almost said the note of decadence, in this poet. He writes of his neglect of art for thought, of his "extraordinary brain-power, his dramatic craft, subtlety, sympathy, courage, and imagination," qualities which he contrasts, more by implication than direct statement, with the "calm and successful" poetic art of Sophocles. He marks his sympathetic insight into the heart of woman, "whom, like Ibsen, he idealises, refusing to idealise any man," and on the poet's attitude to religion he has much to say that is new and suggestive.

The chapter on Homer is devoted almost exclusively to the Homeric question, and here Prof. Murray will be found abreast of the latest and most destructive criticism of the time. He supports the view that the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* are only parts of an immense body of early lays, and have been cast into their present form, partly by natural or accidental causes, partly by the conscious arrangement of Athenian rhapsodists; but the presentment of the case is not too clear, and it is difficult for the reader to distinguish, unless he knows already, where the writer is dealing with discovered facts, and where with unproved theories. Much of the chapter on Thucydides is taken up with an examination of the received text. The question is of great importance, for on it depends our estimate of the historian's style. Prof. Murray leans to the view of Cobet and Mr. Rutherford (though he is not prepared to go as far as either of these critics) that the style of Thucydides was simple and pellucid, that where he is difficult or obscure it is the copyist who has made him so. According to the ancients, who presumably had access to better MSS. than we possess the style of Thucydides was involved and hard. Where lies the criterion? The evidence is in the main internal, but that is prejudiced by the presumed unsoundness of the text. The external evidence which Prof. Murray adduces, and by which he lays much store, seems to us worth little.

Prof. Murray's own style is unequal. In the earlier portion of the book it is apt to be abrupt and conversational, sometimes undignified. He writes of Stesimbrotus as "a sort of intransigent ultramontane journalist, wearing rather a modern look among his contemporaries, but not quite equal to what we now produce at our worst." He is fond of derivations, of plays on words, which often seem to occur in otherwise tasteless passages. "Phokos, who, although he was knocked on the head by the seashore, and had a mother called Seasand, was perhaps originally as much a Phokian as a seal (φωκῆ)." And again:

"When we hear that Agido among the rest of the chorus is like a 'racehorse among cows' . . . this does not mean that the 'boorish' poet is expressing his own intemperate and vacillating admiration. Would the cows of the chorus ever have consented to sing such lines?"

(Vacillari means to "walk like a cow.") This love of derivation has led Prof. Murray into accepting the Disease-of-language theory of mythology, if we are right in so understanding his words "that the original battle for Helen was doubtless a strife of light and darkness in the sky, just as the Niblungs were cloud-men and Sigurd a sun-god before they were brought down to Worms and Burgundy"—a theory which, we imagined, was held in these days by no one but its inventor. But as the work progresses the style rises in tone and dignity. The smartness, the striving after effect disappears, and the exuberance, of which this was a symptom, expresses itself only in rapidity and nervous power. The note of sincerity rings more often and more plainly, and lends to the phrase the force always conveyed by truth. Nothing could be more admirable, alike for its form and matter, than the final appreciation of Demosthenes, which is not only a fine example of Prof. Murray's style at his best, but an illustration of his method and critical quality.

"Demosthenes can never be judged apart from his circumstances. He is no saint and no correct mediocrity. He is a man of genius, and something of a hero; a fanatic too, no doubt, and always a politician. He represents his country in that combination of intellectual subtlety and practical driving power with fervid idealism, that union of passion with art, and that invariable insistence on the moral side of actions, on the just and the noble, that characterises most of the great spirits of Greek literature. To say with Quintilian that Demosthenes was a 'bad man' is like saying the same of Burke or even of Isaiah. It implies either that noble words and thoughts are not nobility, or else, what is hardly more plausible, that the greatest expressions of soul in literature can be produced artificially by a dodge."

MR. OMAN'S HISTORY.

A History of England. By C. Oman. Third Edition. (Arnold.)

AN ideal school History of England would be produced by a combination of the peculiar excellences of Mr. S. R. Gardiner's *Student's History of England* and Prof. York Powell's *History of England for Middle*

Forms; and where considerations of expense are not prohibitive, these two admirable text-books, each of which constitutes the complement of the other, might well be used side by side. After them, the next place could fairly be given to a revised fourth edition of Mr. Oman's manual. His History of England resembles his Greek History in its lucidity of treatment and its brightness of style, but surpasses it in being comparatively free from the flavour of newspaper English, though here and there we still come across irritating tricks of unclassic phrase. The writer possesses the sense of historical proportion and perspective; and save that the constitutional reforms of Henry II. are dismissed in a curiously brief and summary manner, in the matter of selection and rejection there is little with which to find fault.

To pass to details, it is satisfactory to see the misleading form *Aqua Solis* and the erroneous rendering "Æthelred the Unready" respectively replaced by *Aqua Sulis* and "Æthelred the Redeless, or Ill-counselled." On the other hand, we observe that in these pages Freeman's palisades in undiminished entirety still adorn the hill at Senlac, and that King John still "signs" Magna Carta instead of sealing it. The former is, of course, an open question, the latter a comparative trifle; but a mistake of the first magnitude occurs on p. 40, where the Peace of Wedmore of 878 is confused with Alfred's and Guthrum's Frith of 886. Again, on p. 151, obligatory knighthood is assumed to be an invention of Edward I. in 1278. The writs of November 16, 1224 (*Rot. Cl.* 9th Hen. III.), and November 7, 1235 (*Rot. Cl.* 19th Hen. III.) show that this was not so. The £20 census, too, was certainly fixed as early as the reign of Edward's predecessor: witness the writs of 25th, 26th, 37th, 39th Henry III. (Hale and Lansdowne MSS.); while in 1256 (*Rot. Cl.* 40th Henry III., and M. Paris *sub anno*) not only was there a general compulsory summons to knighthood, but the knightly rating was apparently lowered for the nonce to £15. These are isolated instances of inaccuracy, but the book throughout is by no means free from errors. As an example we may take the reign of Richard III. We may eliminate from it all controversial points. We may abstain from saying that, so far as Mr. Oman is concerned, Buck, Walpole, Halsted, Legge, Sir Clements Markham, and, to a certain extent, Nichols and Mr. Gairdner, appear to have written in vain, and that the old Tudor tales, with their jumble of improbabilities and contradictions, are once more served up to tax our intellectual digestion. We may suppress any manifestation of surprise that in his presentment of the last Plantagenet king he has hardly advanced beyond Shakespeare and Mrs. Markham. Nevertheless there will remain much that is reasonably open to complaint. Rivers was not executed on "the very day of Richard's accession," but on the day before (June 25). From the Act of Attainder of 1st Henry VII. it is clear that William Catesby was not a knight. As Richard was born on October 2 (or, to take Rous' later date, October 21), 1452, and fell at Bosworth

on August 22, 1485, his age at his death was not thirty-three, but thirty-two. To say that Colyngbourne was hanged "for no more than a copy of verses" is a statement that would have made even the Lancastrian Fabian stare; as also would the multiplication by Mr. Oman of his "wele vpon iiii. m. men in rusty salettes," till they are represented by such expressions as: "Gloucester commenced to pack London with great bodies of armed men"; "masses of armed men"; "thousands of men-at-arms packed every street." The vague rumours set down by the monk who wrote far away at Croyland will not justify this in the face of the definite evidence of the local chronicler Fabian; nor will Stallworth's letter, which spoke only of an expectation that was exaggerated by the natural excitement of the time.

With regard to the story of the immediate execution of Hastings, Sir Clements Markham's analysis of the dates (*Eng. Hist. Rev.*, April, 1891) has surely cast upon that view doubts sufficiently grave to demand some attention. On p. 268 we are presented with the legend of the murder of the princes in all its orthodoxy; the manner, the time, the place, the burial, the discovery of the bones (real human bones that time, not those of an ape)—everything is there. Yet in the next sentence we are told with prompt repentance that "its manner and details were never certainly known." It is with sincere regret that we find the work of so interesting a writer and so accomplished an antiquary and historian as Mr. Oman defaced by blemishes of this character; the more so because his book is full of good things, and his general handling of the course of events is scholarly and scientific.

VITA MEDICA.

Vita Medica: Chapters of Medical Life and Work. By Sir Benjamin Ward Richardson. (Longmans.)

HERE was a man who belonged intimately to the Victorian era, whose life grew full with its fulness, and bright with its brightness of expectation. It is touching to read Dr. Richardson's account of the blessing his dying mother gave him on the day after Coronation Day, 1838:

"She said she would not much longer be my companion, but I must remember her, and must try to be a good boy; must follow my lessons carefully; and, above all things, must learn to be a good doctor, the profession of medicine being in her opinion the noblest in the world. I was born to it, and must do my very best."

His medical destiny took hold of the boy's mind, and even at his earlier schools it was allowed to dictate some of his studies. Once only did he waver in his fidelity to his prospects. Southey's *Life of Nelson* was the disturbing factor, and Jack Lambert, a hot-headed schoolfellow, the *advocatus diaboli*. The two actually ran away from school, and were on the way to Portsmouth to take ship when sunset and discretion turned them back to the schoolhouse.

Richardson began his formal study of medicine as an apprentice to a practising doctor. In those days only young men who were favoured by friends and fortune walked the hospitals or travelled to European medical centres. The majority were bound to private practitioners, and this was a feature of his profession which Dr. Richardson—who discarded so much—would fain have kept. He writes:

"I have often said, and again say it, that this method of introduction to our profession, now practically abandoned, was the best that could be, and ought to have remained untouched. It was a fruitful source of income to every respectable practitioner; it kept such practitioners well up to the mark; it made good openings for introductions and practices; it was warmly appreciated by the public at large; it cultivated well a common field, and effected a sound and general good."

Richardson's own experience of the system was certainly happy. In 1845 he went to Glasgow, to the college then called Anderson's University. His lifelong memories of those days, and of the fine men who fitted across his path, fill a pleasant chapter. After short spells of work as an assistant at Saffron Walden and Narborough, in Leicestershire, and a final course of study at Glasgow, which won him his Faculties of Physician and Surgeon, Richardson came to London and settled in practice with Dr. Robert Willis at Mortlake. Here he worked hard out of doors and in, at the bedside and in the laboratory, and was successful in an attempt to win the Fothergillian gold medal for a paper on "Diseases of the Fœtus." In recalling this effort Dr. Richardson makes the sadly striking remark: "It is certain that I never once saw birth without some remote indications of death through some particular signal of disease." His career was now fairly begun, and from this point the chapters of his book become less directly autobiographical, being concerned rather with the great medical movements in which he played his part. These may be enumerated as follows—the organisation and application of sanitary science; the elimination of pain from disease and operations; the banishment of alcohol from the bedside; and the development of germ theories.

In none of them did Richardson lead the way. Modern sanitary science had already been promoted by the appointment of a Registrar-General, and Doctors Farr and Chadwick had done much to make that office a bulwark of the nation's health. As a student he had seen anaesthetics brought to the aid of tortured patients. Even in his opposition to alcohol, Richardson had been forestalled by Higginbottom, of Nottingham. In each department something had been done. The machine in each case moved, but Richardson's shoulder on the wheel helped it forward with speed and *éclat*. His industry was prodigious. His enthusiasm never waned, nor his courage. In 1869, when he made his first "sortie" against alcohol, his lecture-room was deserted, and in a city where he had once been given a grand supper "I was marked, like Higginbottom, with the sin of disbelief

in the ancient faith, and was known by only one friend." This was no light ordeal for a man well advanced in years, with a great stake in his calling. But Richardson was ever a winner, and he lived to see a non-alcoholic hospital and a non-alcoholic league of doctors. His worst enemies could not call him a crank with conviction, for they knew his soundness as a physician. Richardson was a great doctor judged by ordinary professional standards; he was greater still in that he widened and lifted those standards. He had the makings of an administrator of public health, such as has never yet held office, for whom, indeed, no office has yet been created.

FROM CROWDED SHELVES.

Elements of Theoretical Physics. By Dr. C. Christiansen. Translated by W. F. Magie. Ph.D. Pp. 339. (Macmillan & Co.)

Magnetic Fields of Force. By Prof. H. Ebert. Translated by C. V. Burton, D.Sc. Part I. Pp. 297. (Longmans.)

THE continual appearance of scientific text-books translated from the German is becoming a trifle vexatious. For some time past the commercial world has been informed that British trade has suffered from German competition because of the neglect of scientific principles underlying our industries. This is probably true to some extent, but manufacturers may very well retort by asking what British men of science are doing that it should be necessary to import so many advanced text-books written abroad. The best, or worst, of it is that most of these books are better than any produced at home; so that while our professors are claiming to be able to show the way to improve industry they are pushed out of their own field by works "made in Germany."

Prof. Christiansen's treatise, which has been put into English by Prof. Magie, of Princeton University, presents a comprehensive and informing view of the fundamental principles of theoretical physics. In scope the book is similar to Clerk Maxwell's stimulating little primer entitled *Matter and Motion*; but the treatment is much more detailed, and new work in the various branches of the subject is taken into account. Teachers and students familiar with higher mathematics will be glad to possess a volume in which the theory of modern physics is expressed in a uniform notation; but ordinary investigators of natural phenomena would soon lose themselves in the maze of differential equations and integrals which runs through the pages.

The manner in which iron filings arrange themselves when scattered over a sheet of cardboard lying upon a magnet was made by Faraday the starting-point of a series of brilliant conceptions of the nature of magnetic, electric, and optical phenomena—conceptions which now dominate physical theory. Prof. Ebert's work, which is presented in a pleasing English dress by Dr. Burton, is an experiment in expounding

the phenomena of magnetism and electro-magnetism upon a basis formed by the lines of force, of which Faraday first saw the significance. The book is practical and thorough, and it will furnish students with solid food for study and experiment. The second part, dealing with the phenomena of induction, has not yet appeared.

* * *

The Apocalypse of Baruch. Translated by R. H. Charles. (A. & C. Black.)

THERE is at present, and has been for the last sixty years, a tendency in England to popularise criticism. Lawrence's translation of the Book of Enoch, Cotton's translation of the Third, Fourth, and Fifth Books of Maccabees, T. W. Clark's "Ante-Nicene Library," Ryle and James's translation of the Psalms of Solomon—these and similar publications have placed the ordinary intelligent English layman, desirous of investigating the origins of Christianity, but unacquainted with ancient languages, in a far more advantageous position than his brother on the Continent. Mr. Charles, who has already earned considerable gratitude in the above connexion by his English version of *The Book of Jubilees*, now presents us with an English version of *The Apocalypse of Baruch*, one of the most interesting of the "Pseudepigrapha" that have come down to us. Pseudo-Baruch, writing almost certainly in Trajan's reign—whether a little earlier or a little later than the author of *II. Esdras* is one of the problems which the book raises—represents the purely Jewish ideal of the Messiah, distinguished from and possibly sketched in antagonism to that established from Nazareth. Perhaps the most striking picture in the Apocalypse is that in which the Roman Empire is depicted as a mighty forest, and the Messiah as a tiny spring, waxing in volume till it becomes an overwhelming torrent and sweeps away the forest—all save one lofty cedar. And then that cedar is swept away too, and one hears an explanation that the cedar is the last Roman emperor (Trajan?), who shall be brought in chains to Mount Zion and there slain by Messiah! "Baruch" represents for us that fierce zealot, patriotic fanaticism, with which, except in the one great instance, the Messianic idea was inseparably connected in the first and second centuries—the spirit which occasioned the mournful "Day of Trajan," and finally brought about the great catastrophe under Bar-Cocheba. Irresistibly "Baruch" brings to mind that verse in the Gospel, "If thou hadst known in this thy day the things that belong to thy peace."

* * *

The Ruined Cities of Ceylon. By Henry W. Cave. With Photographs by the Author. (Sampson Low.)

MR. CAVE photographs well and to some purpose. Last year he photographed a number of the ruined temples, *dagabas*, and palaces which are found in the interior of Ceylon, and which date from the introduction of Buddhism into the island. Even without an explanatory text these illustrations would suggest splendid episodes in man's history. At Mihintale what seems to be the bare crown of a hill is a huge *dagaba*, or relic

shrine, built in the third century B.C. with millions of bricks. You climb to it by a broken granite staircase that makes itself an awful pathway through the thickets and the gleaming trunks of trees. Near to this wonder is another *dagaba*, the Maha Seya, from whose top the traveller sees "the ruined shrines of Anuradhapura rising above a sea of foliage and the glistening waters of the ancient artificial lakes relieving the immense stretches of forest." In Mr. Cave's photograph the top of this *dagaba* seems covered with a hair of vegetation, yet the effect is due to a mass of forest trees that have sprung from seeds dropped there by birds. In some parts clearings have left the ruins standing on open ground. It is so with the sixteen hundred monolithic columns which mark the site of the Brazen Palace built by King Dutthagamani to house the monks of the new faith. The splendours of their abode are recorded in the *Mahavamsa*, the national chronicle. We read of a hall supported on golden pillars, of festoons of pearl, of an ivory throne inestimably draped, of canopies and emblems, and lavers of pure gold. Nor is it hard to believe in the gold since the temple which sanctified it remains. Certain it is that these glorious buildings were raised by a people who drew untold inspiration from a creed which teaches that existence is sorrow, and that to combat sorrow man must reduce his desire to live. Mr. Cave's photographs are of considerable value, quite outweighing his text, which, however, is clear and from its nature interesting.

* * *

On Human Nature. By Arthur Schopenhauer. Selected and Translated by T. Bailey Saunders. (Swan Sonnenschein.)

THIS is the seventh volume of translations which Mr. Saunders has made from the more popular writings of Schopenhauer, and it is certainly not the least interesting of the series. The title of the book covers six essays taken from Schopenhauer's *Parerga* and from his posthumous writings. These are concerned with Human Nature, Government, Free Will and Fatalism, Character, and Moral Instinct, and there is a final chapter of Moral Reflections. In all these essays Schopenhauer is found talking at large on matters of human experience and conduct, and talking with that unanswerable sanity and originality which make his teachings as stimulating to the mind as rough towelling is to the body. We remember no passage in the early volumes which more clearly and simply conveys Schopenhauer's practical teaching than the following:

"The readers of my *Ethics* know that with me the ultimate foundation of morality is the truth which in the *Vedas* and the *Vedanta* receives its expression in the established, mystical formula, *Tat twam asi* (*This is thyself*), which is spoken with reference to every living thing, be it man or beast, and is called the *Maharukya*, the great word. . . . We are possessed of two different, nay, absolutely contradictory ways of regarding the world: one according to the principle of individuation, which exhibits all creatures as entire strangers to us, as definitely not ourselves. We can have no feelings for them but those of indifference, envy, hatred, and delight that they suffer. The

other way of regarding the world is in accordance with the *Tat-tuam-asi*—this is thyself—principle. All creatures are exhibited as identical with ourselves; and so it is pity and love which the sight of them arouse. The one method separates individuals by impassable barriers; the other removes the barrier and brings the individuals together."

It should not be forgotten that Schopenhauer was at one with the Buddhist and the Christian in the belief that evil is radical and renunciation best. This understood, neither his metaphysics nor his temperament need offend.

A Study of the Sky. By Herbert A. Howe. With Illustrations. (Macmillan & Co.)

At a time when all the world has learnt to read, any book which opens the way to a wholesome and fascinating study deserves a cordial welcome. Prof. Howe, of Denver University, has written such a work. It demands no previous knowledge of the subject, nor any knowledge of mathematics. The romance is opened up in a fashion which may well discover in the reader an enthusiasm for the fascinating and limitless science of the heavens. In a popular way he describes the constitution of the firmament, the nature of the constellations, the movements of the planets, the manufacture of lenses, the spectroscope, sun-spots, meteors; in fact, he runs over the whole ground. His style is, perhaps, a trifle florid for British taste, and the portraits of American astronomers and professors of astronomy are of secondary interest in this country, but the sort of book he set out to write he has written very well. The practical instructions for identifying the heavenly bodies by means of the diagrams are very clear, and the illustrations in general will be found interesting and helpful.

Hero-Worship. By Thomas Carlyle. (Chapman & Hall.)

THE lectures on *Hero-Worship* form the fifth volume of Messrs. Chapman & Hall's centenary edition of Thomas Carlyle's works. These volumes leave nothing to desire in the matters of binding, print, and paper. But we do not understand why, if *Hero-Worship* needed portraits, only three—those of Shakespeare, Rousseau, and Napoleon (a curious trio)—should be given. One would not exact a portrait of Odin, the hero as divinity, for obvious reasons; but it would have been easy and fitting to have supplied those of Dante, Luther, Knox, Johnson, and Burns. This is surely a case in which thoroughness or nothing was the best policy. Mr. Traill's introduction is acute and interesting.

Spanish Self-taught. By C. A. Thimm, F.R.G.S. (E. Marlborough.)

THE present edition of Mr. Thimm's *Spanish Self-taught* will be of service to the large class of persons who for purposes of business or pleasure desire a practical knowledge of the language. The contents of this little book, with the aid of a few weeks' diligence, will carry them through the land with comfort, and will lay the foundation of a more intimate knowledge of

the language and its literature if the study is to be further pursued. The difficulties of pronunciation are simply and ingeniously turned.

FICTION.

Flames: a London Phantasy. By Robert Hichens. (Heinemann.)

MR. HICHENS' new novel may be regarded from either of two points of view: as a story of mere imagination, or as a solemn treatise upon the transcendental Ego. As an imaginative story it has certain merits in the telling that are by no means to be denied. Mr. Hichens is, to a large extent, capable of suggesting situations of obscure and dubious horror; he has a sentiment of place, and he can realise a scene here and a scene there with an instant and liberal completeness. His story turns upon the notion of the exclusion of a personality from a body and the usurpation of a second personality in the same body. The somewhat ghostly situations whereby the exchange is accomplished, are touched in with skill and effectiveness; but the tale loses interest as it progresses, and the final scenes are lamentably disappointing. This is, without doubt, due to the gradual intrusion of Mr. Hichens's somewhat solemn philosophy into the fantastic imaginativeness of the earlier part of his scheme; and we are bound to add that as a philosopher he passes poor muster. It would be absurd to ask him for a genuine and fully developed philosophical system in what is openly called a "phantasy"; but at all events for purposes of fiction "the binding theory" should be consistent throughout; whereas Mr. Hichens's theory is quite unconvincing. To take one brief example. In the exchange of souls everything depends upon the author's insistence on Will as—to use his own words—the "Ego, the man himself." And yet, after the intrusion of the alien Will into the new body, it is apparent that the new man thus formed has the double memory of the personality that he both was and is; whereas, if the first memory were only a power of the former will, and not a separate part of the soul, it would vanish with the will. Therefore, by Mr. Hichens's own showing, memory and will are separable portions of the soul; and yet, as we have said, his whole theory depends upon the identification of will, and will alone, with the soul. The contradiction vitiates from beginning to end what may be called the circumstantial credibility of the book. If an example of how the thing can be done were wanted, take "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde"; as a relation of facts Stevenson's fable is, of course, utterly incredible; but its circumstantial credibility is never for a moment in danger. As a last word, the style of *Flames* is too thoughtlessly exuberant. To speak after the author's own manner, his fruit is often over-ripe, and his hyacinths are not seldom past the fragrance of their freshness; also, to judge by a certain frequency of repetition, polished boots haunt Mr. Hichens like a passion.

Guavas the Tinner. By S. Baring-Gould. (Methuen.)

MR. BARING-GOULD's new story is all about the tin-workers of Dartmoor in Queen Elizabeth's time. Concerning the production of tin in England, and the ancient customs of the Duchy of Cornwall, and the jurisdiction of the Stannary Court, it is itself a mine of information. Perhaps the hand of the antiquarian is a little prominent, still Mr. Baring-Gould is here opening new ground in fiction, and he has combined with all his tin a golden story, full of the gleam and brilliancy of romance. The semi-crucifixion of Guavas, his rescue by the fierce Isolt Rodda, who loves him, his oath to be hers and do her bidding always, his wolf, the last in Britain, and its fight with the traitor, Dickon Rawle, in the Staldon Ring, the contrast between Isolt Rodda and the gentle Lemonday, whose sweetness has an unknown attraction for Guavas, their finding of the Keenly Lode, and the bitter struggle of Guavas and Lemonday against the jealous and revengeful Isolt and Dickon Rawle—here are dramatic elements enough, and powerfully are they combined by Mr. Baring-Gould's experienced hand. This is a book of adventure, for boys in particular, which may be cordially recommended. It will teach them something, for one thing, about their own country. But it is also full of the straightforward human passions, and not of the so-called "modern" substitutes, which it may be hoped do not delude the adult subscribers to libraries. Mr. Frank Dadd illustrates the volume, and contributes three drawings thoroughly in the spirit of the story.

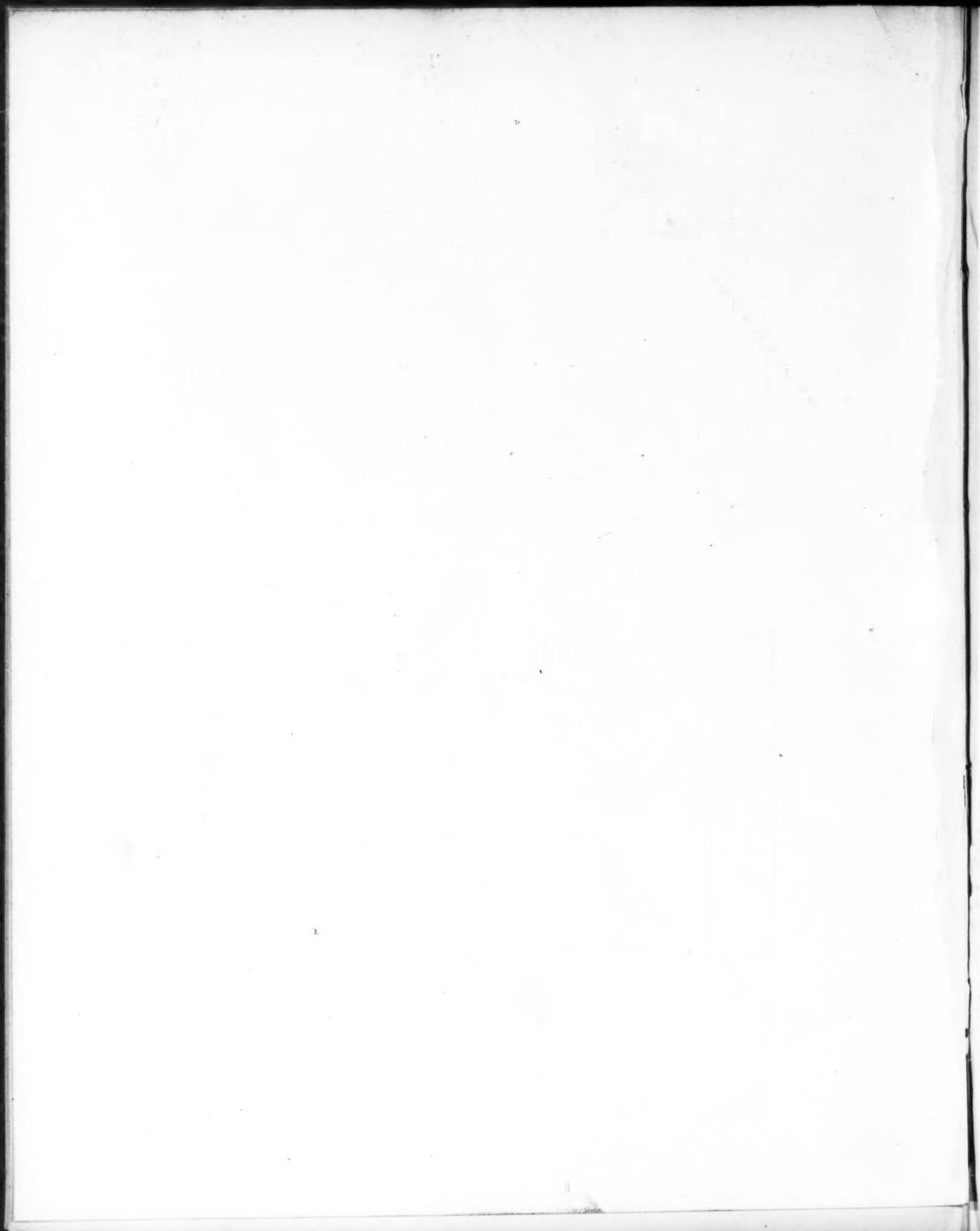
Saint Eva. By Amelia Pain. (Osgood, McIlvaine & Co.)

THIS is a well-written story, of a somewhat sentimental order, and is concerned with the life history of Eva Corona, of whom an imaginary portrait, by Sir E. Burne-Jones, forms the frontispiece to the book. Eva, whose sanctity consisted in a virginal, almost nun-like, purity, was kissed unexpectedly by Clayton Leaford, who possibly loved and certainly rode away. But Eva took the kisses too seriously, and thus supplied the tragic *motif* to the story. The authoress has a quite happy knack of character-drawing, and gives convincing portraits of the sort of people one meets in society in London, on the river, and along the beaten track of tourists in Italy; indeed, she is so evidently familiar with river-ways that we can scarcely excuse her spelling of "Marlowe." Lord Rotherhithe, the peer with the soul of an ostler; Linley Wygall, the unappreciated but faithful lover; Miss Wellingham, the Bond-street Juno, hyper-English, aristocratic and classic, all at once, who "moved with the lazy, thoroughbred deliberation of the swan"; Mrs. Rowe, who organised delightful house parties on the river—are all people one might run up against at any moment. And those who have no tears for the tragedy of the leading lady will find many a smile in the play of the minor characters.



WILLIAM COWPER

From the Picture by Romney in the National Portrait Gallery



Glamour. By Meta Orred. (John Lane.)

THE reader new to this author's style will find some difficulty in deciding where the ghosts begin and where they end. She is fond of speaking about Evil and Influence and Sorrow and other things in bewildering capitals, and there is a Figure which converses with the hero on ethical topics and which seems to be the cause of a really frightful conglomeration of nightmares at the end of the book. For more conventional horrors we have the Ghost in the Gallery, which frightens a boy into fits; there is a haunted picture which changes its dress in a surprising way; and there is a ring to which some curse is attached—which, at all events, personifies something. Some other people speak to seeing a ghost at a window, but that detail need not be insisted on. Much allowance is to be made for a hero brought up among such surroundings, and when, being deeply in love with two ladies, he marries a third, one can only hope that he does it out of a sense of duty to the Experience, or the Unknown, or the Destiny which he went to Italy to seek.

A Spotless Reputation. By Dorothea Gerard. (W. Blackwood & Sons.)

MR. ANTHONY HOPE's Princess Osra had, at any rate, a heart. But Geraldine Nolebrooke, in spite of her transcendent beauty and "spotless reputation," has none, and very properly comes to a bad end. Her story, as told in Miss Gerard's (or rather Mme. Longard de Longgarde's) new novel, opens in a manner somewhat at variance with its development. One of the greatest beauties of the century, she is unconscious of her power and untouched by passion when she marries; but the earlier sketch of her apparently innocent and tranquil character hardly prepared us for the results of her awakening under the influence of London and Vienna society, as the wife of the wealthy and brilliant diplomatist, Walter Nolebrooke. While physical coldness deprives her of full womanhood, her personal beauty and her pride in it make her first unwittingly attract, and then actively lure, some half-dozen men to their ruin. The course of the story thus becomes somewhat conventional, and were it not for skilful handling would be distinctly disappointing. There is something psychologically crude in this picture of a beautiful witch with practically no affections; and the repetition of the same process in the undoing of her several admirers is clumsy, and shows some lack of resource in incident. As the deterioration in character progresses, we get thoroughly sick of the pure Geraldine, and her death in consequence of taking arsenic to remove the ravages of accidental burns on her face—a device not unknown before in fiction—opportunistically enables her husband to marry the other more human woman who has always loved him, and brings the story to an end which satisfies a reader's ideas of poetical justice. This is a well-written novel, but it is rather elementary in its drawing of character.

Kakemonos. By W. Carlton Dawe. (John Lane.)

MR. CARLTON DAWE has already made his mark with *Yellow and White*, and the present volume establishes his claim to write with authority concerning the byways of that region of the world "where there ain't no ten commandments." A Kakemono is a Japanese scroll-painting of the kind that Europeans have lately taken to collecting, and the title covers appropriately a group of nine tales, of which the scenes range from Japan to Siam. The author knows the ways of the tramp steamer which ploughs the China seas, as you may learn from "Chief Officer Grover," a vivid story of attempted scuttling; he knows what adventures may be found within the flower-boats at Canton, or in the women's quarters of a Siamese prince's palace; he knows, too, the manners and the morals of the British colonies at Hong Kong and Yokohama, and in "His Japanese Life" you may learn what becomes of the Englishman who marries a Japanese woman. In another and extremely pathetic little sketch—"Sayonara"—the picture is reversed, and you see what becomes of the Japanese woman when the Englishman she loves does not marry her. The stories are all short and bright, and the few lingering traces of amateurism in the style serve to convince us that the author is writing of what he has seen, and not what he has imagined.

Colour-Sergeant, No. 1 Company. By Mrs. Leith Adams. (Jarrold & Sons.)

HAVING already achieved some popularity in two-volume form, this story appeals for a second hearing in Messrs. Jarrold's six-shilling series. As a single volume it strikes us as a little too long; but that may be merely the impression of a reviewer who has not the leisure to linger over the scattered irrelevancies which adorn, but delay, the development of the plot. Soldier stories have been the vogue since Mr. Kipling found his public; and Mrs. Leith Adams has evidently knowledge of the ways they had in the army in the times while yet soldiers were flogged for selling a blacking-brush with the broad arrow upon it, and the punishment-drill with which the story opens is a very impressive piece of writing. Alison Drew should help to make Mrs. Leith Adams's book popular.

Charaka Puja, and Other Stories. By Chola. (The Roxburghe Press.)

HOOKE-SWINGING is supposed to have died out in India. But the first of "Chola's" well-told little stories, published in the shilling "Roxburghe Library," professes to describe a case of it, where British rule had been successfully evaded.

"To either end of a horizontal pole are fastened ropes. The victim is prostrate before the upright post, and is doing puja to it as an emblem of the god Siva. His only clothing is the most diminutive of cloths. He now crouches before the attendants, one of whom marks on his back with sacred ashes the places through which the hooks should pass. Hereupon another attendant pinches up the flesh,

while a third person drives a hook through the quivering flesh. The second hook is passed through in a similar manner, and they are both speedily attached to the rope which hangs from one end of the horizontal bamboo. Several men next seize the rope attached to the other end of the bamboo, and by pulling it down raise the poor devotee high in the air. Then, rope in hand, they run round, and cause the victim, whose whole weight is borne by his two great wounds, to swing round at the other extremity. The devotee, rising and falling as he whirls round, describes a circle of some thirty feet in diameter."

That is *charaka puja*, a religious rite, none of the brutality of which appeals in the least to the old-fashioned Hindu, though the milder Hindu of these days is gradually adopting a more humane interpretation of his sacrificial ceremonies. It is such stories as these of "Chola's" that help to bring home to English readers the nature of our work in India, and the necessity of going carefully about to accustom the natives to more civilised ways. It was only in 1894 that the Madras Government actually forbade "hook-swinging." Another of these stories gives a pathetic instance of *sati* or *suttee*, which is now almost extinct; while "A Missionary's Crime" shows the difficulty of asserting Western notions in a land where native opinion is hostile. Altogether, these half-dozen stories are well worth reading. They are told without pretence, and put forward modestly; but they are pictures of life in India which it behoves us all to realise.

The Fields of Fair Renown. By Joseph Hocking. (Ward, Lock & Co.)

INTO these fields strayed a Cornish youth; and there, after producing a successful novel in three weeks upon a diet of bread and water, he quickly made himself at home. So he released himself from the bonds of engagement with Helen Granville, whom he had rescued from a mining accident, referring her at large for reasons to his new novel "to appear in March," and married a literary woman. The jilted young lady revenged herself by writing a much better novel than any of his, though he made them more and more improper. So he went from bad to worse, and she from good to better. The story is readable, and some of the minor characters, notably the landlady (who also writes a novel) are rather funny; but we should like to know which literary paper it was that wrote of the hero: "He seems to have had a past rather than a future."

Ring o' Rushes. By Shan F. Bullock. (Ward, Lock & Co.)

MR. BULLOCK is one of those lucky souls who have a little corner of the earth for their special literary heritage. His is Irish; Bunn is its name; and its inhabitants are Tim Kerin and Shan Grogan and Old Mother Burke and others whom you will not find in the Strand or in the S.E. postal district. There is true humour and feeling in these little sketches. Rural Ireland has not had a more sympathetic interpreter than Mr. Bullock, who will never be without an audience when he writes of the simple little tragedies and comedies of Bunn and Lismahee.

SATURDAY, APRIL 3, 1897.

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THE ACADEMY is published every Friday morning. Advertisements should reach the office not later than 4 p.m. on Thursday.

The EDITOR will make every effort to return rejected contributions, provided a stamped and addressed envelope is enclosed.

Occasional contributors are recommended to have their MS. type-written.

All business letters regarding the supply of the paper, &c., should be addressed to the PUBLISHER.

Offices: 43, Chancery Lane, W.C.

THE WEEK.

CHRONICLE OF NEW BOOKS.

[This article is a chronicle of books published during the week. Reviews will follow in due course.]

LAST week we did not receive a single theological book. This week five come to hand, including the late Archbishop Benson's *Cyprian*. Two new volumes of the Oxford English Dictionary cover the ground between "Distrustfully" and "Doom," and between "Flexuosity" and "Foister." Fourteen works of Fiction form by far the largest class, the rest of our list being constituted of a little of everything.

THE late Archbishop Benson's work, *Cyprian: His Life, His Times, His Work*,

will be received with reverent interest in the Church of England, and by many outside it. Mr. Arthur Christopher Benson tells, in an interesting prefatory note, how long and lovingly his father laboured on his book. When it was finished, and he was asked whether he was not glad it was done, he replied: "I ought to be; but I am not really glad—my only amusement will be gone." In his own preface to this monumental work the late Archbishop writes of *Cyprian*:

"He was tempted into the noble and, alas! too fruitful error of arraying the Visible Church in attributes of the Church Invisible. But he said and showed how men might gravely dissent without one wound to peace. He spoke a watchword of comprehension which, for lack of the charity which possessed him, we do not receive in the Churches, although it must needs precede the unity we dream of. I hope that in this study I have not ever been unmindful of the present, and yet have not committed what I hold to be a grievous fault in a historian, the reading of the present into the past. I have tried to sketch what I saw. It is only thus that

the past can be read into the present—the 'lesson of history' learnt. That we have some need of the lesson of the Cyprianic times I feel sure; sure that it might have saved us some of our losses."

THE WILL TO BELIEVE. In his new book, *The Will to Believe*, Prof. William James, who holds the chair

of Psychology at Harvard University, has reprinted some remarkable addresses which he has delivered from time to time before students' clubs in the States. The title of the book applies mainly to the first four essays, which are a defence of "the legitimacy of religious faith." In his preface, Prof. James meets some of the more obvious objections to his position:

"To some rationalising readers such advocacy will seem a sad misuse of one's professional position. Mankind, they will say, is only too prone to follow faith unreasoningly, and needs no preaching nor encouragement in that direction. I quite agree that what mankind at large most lacks is criticism and caution, not faith. Its cardinal weakness is to let belief follow recklessly upon lively conception, especially when the conception has instinctive liking at its back. I admit, then, that were I addressing the Salvation Army or a miscellaneous popular crowd it would be a misuse of opportunity to preach the liberty of believing as I have in these pages preached it. What such audiences most need is that their faiths should be broken up and ventilated, that the north-west wind of science should get into them and blow their sickness and barbarism away. But academic audiences, fed already on science, have a very different need. Paralysis of their native capacity for faith and timorous *abulia* in the religious field are their special forms of mental weakness, brought about by the notion, carefully instilled, that there is something called scientific evidence by waiting upon which they shall escape all danger of shipwreck in regard to truth. But there is really no scientific or other method by which men can steer safely between the opposite dangers of believing too little or of believing too much. To face such dangers is apparently our duty, and to hit the right channel between them is the measure of our wisdom as men. . . . I do not think that any one can accuse me of preaching reckless faith. I have preached the right of the individual to indulge his personal faith at his personal risk. I have discussed the kinds of risk; I have contended that none of us escape all of them; and I have only pleaded that it is better to face them open-eyed than to act as if we did not know them to be there."

IN NORMANDY AND MAINE. THE late Edward A. Freeman was a traveller by conviction.

"Beyond doubt," he wrote, "the finished historian must be a traveller: he must see with his own eyes the true look of a wide land; he must see, too, with his eyes the very spots where great events happened; he must mark the lie of a city, and take in, as far as a non-technical mind can, all that is special about a battlefield."

These words are quoted by Mr. W. H. Hutton in an interesting preface to a posthumous collection of papers which were contributed by Mr. Freeman to the *Guardian* and the *Saturday Review*. These sketches were written at different times from 1861 to 1891, and they are the records of journeys undertaken in connexion with the author's great work on the Norman Conquest. The

book is illustrated from Freeman's own sketches. He did not draw well, but he drew intelligently, and his sketches preserve to the book an individuality which photographic reproductions would only interrupt.

OTHER BOOKS. MR. W. S. LILLY has reprinted, under the simple title *Essays and Speeches*, various contributions to Catholic thought. The papers include studies of Alexander Pope, Prof. Green, John Henry Newman, and essays on The Temporal Power of the Pope, The Making of Germany, and The New Spirit in History. The last-named subject is treated in connexion with the appointment of Lord Acton to the chair of Modern History at Cambridge. A book to which the present state of Eastern Europe lends special interest is *The Outgoing Turk*, by Mr. H. C. Thomson. Mr. Thomson describes in detail the manners and customs of Bosnia and Herzegovina, provinces which are now administered entirely by Austrian officials. The book is well illustrated with photographs taken by the author, or obtained by him from special sources. The second volume of Messrs. Chapman & Hall's "Diamond Library" contains a selection of *English Sonnets* made by Mr. A. T. Quiller-Couch, who supplies an introduction on the laws and forms of the Sonnet. This series promises extremely well, but the binding chosen does not strike us as happy. Its blue-slate ground is not enlivening, and we shall get very tired of the girl in the scarlet robe with her wreath, her halo of gold, and her pointing arm. She suggests the nursery rather than the library.

THE SECRET ROSE. In *The Secret Rose* Mr. W. B. Yeats makes another

contribution to the new "Celtic" literature. The book is a series of episodes, the character of which is partly explained by Mr. Yeats in an interesting dedicatory letter to "A. E." We may be allowed to guess that "A. E." is the "A. E." who wrote *Homeward Songs by the Way*, and whose two essays on *The Remnant* caused some controversy about two years ago. The letter is as follows:

"MY DEAR A. E.—I dedicate this book to you because, whether you think it well or ill written, you will sympathise with the sorrows and the ecstasies of its personages, perhaps even more than I do myself. Although I wrote these stories at different times and in different manners, and without any definite plan, they have but one subject, the war of spiritual with natural order; and how can I dedicate such a book to any one but to you, the one poet of modern Ireland who has moulded a spiritual ecstasy into verse? My friends in Ireland sometimes ask me when I am going to write a really national poem or romance, and by a national poem or romance I understand them to mean a poem or romance founded upon some moment of famous Irish history, and built up out of the thoughts and feelings which move the greater number of patriotic Irishmen. I, on the other hand, believe that poetry and romance cannot be made by the most conscientious study of famous moments and of the thoughts and feelings of others, but only by looking into that little, infinite, faltering, eternal flame that one calls one's self. If a writer wishes to interest a certain people among whom he has

grown up, or fancies he has a duty towards them, he may choose for the symbols of his art their legends, their history, their beliefs, their opinions, because he has a right to choose among things less than himself, but he cannot choose among the substances of art. So far, however, as this book is visionary it is Irish; for Ireland, which is still predominantly Celtic, has preserved with some less excellent things a gift of vision, which has died out among more hurried and more successful nations: no shining candelabra have prevented us from looking into the darkness, and when one looks into the darkness there is always something there."

THE "Pioneer" series of novels is continued in *Love for a Key*, by G. Colmore, who places on his title-page the lines:

"Your soul's locked fast; but, love for a key,
You might let it loose, till I grew the same
In your eyes, as in mine you stand."

Mr. Colmore's dedication is curious: "To Five, And to the Memory of a Sixth, This Book is Dedicated by the Seventh." The opening of the racing season should favour the success of a sporting novel like *Mr. Blake of Newmarket*, by Edward H. Cooper. The covers of this novel bear a continuous design, best seen by laying the open book face down, when Mr. Blake of Newmarket is disclosed watching the exercising of three racehorses. Such chapter headings as "The Red Rose of Ascot" and "The First July Meeting" indicate the flavour of the story. Another book which hits the time is *The Fall of Constantinople*, which the author, Mr. A. Wall, describes as "an historical romance," in which is reviewed "the various interesting events which preceded and finally culminated in the overthrow of the Roman Empire of the East, and the establishment of a Mahommedan power in Christian Europe." An appendix is added, in which the story is elucidated by short statements of historical fact. *False Dawn* is a novel by Francis Prevost, whose collection of short stories, entitled *Rust of Gold*, we remember to have been distinctly clever. Captain Marryat's *Poor Jack* is issued by Messrs. Macmillan in their series of three-and-sixpenny standard novels. It is illustrated by Mr. Fred Pegram, and Mr. David Hannay supplies an introduction in which he puts this story in Marryat's middle period, between the time in which he wrote for the general reader and his later years when he wrote for children.

"It was not expressly written for children, and yet it decidedly leans to being a boy's book. It has not, I think, been among the most popular of his works, and yet it is difficult to understand why it has not been better liked than *Jacob Faithful*, for instance. It is a better story, it contains a greater variety of personages whose characters and doings have the true Marryat savour."

NEW BOOKS RECEIVED.

THEOLOGY.

- CYPRIAN. By Edward White Benson, D.D. Macmillan & Co.
QUIET HOURS. By John Pulsford, D.D. Andrew Melrose. 2s. 6d.
THE CONFESSIONS OF ST. AUGUSTINE. Andrew Melrose. 2s. 6d.
BIBLIA INNOCENTIUM. By J. W. Mackail. Longmans, Green & Co. 6s.
THE BOOK OF AYUB. Translated by R. Sadler. Sheppard & St. John.

HISTORY.

- RENAISSANCE IN ITALY. By John Addington Symonds. New Edition. Smith, Elder & Co. 7s. 6d.

BIOGRAPHY.

- EMINENT PERSONS. Vol. VI.: 1893-1894. Macmillan & Co. 3s. 6d.

PHILOSOPHY.

- THE WILL TO BELIEVE. By William James. Longmans, Green & Co. 7s. 6d.

POETRY.

- A LIGHT LOAD. By Dollie Radford. Elkin Mathews. 6s.
FANCY'S GUESSES. By Anodos. Elkin Mathews. 1s.
ENGLISH SONNETS. Edited by A. T. Quiller-Couch. Chapman & Hall. 2s.

FICTION.

- CAPTAIN CASTLE. By Carlton Dawa. Smith, Elder & Co. 6s.
THE THIRTEENTH BRYDAIN. By Margaret Moulle. Jarrold & Sons. 3s. 6d.
THE OUTSPAN. By J. Percy Fitzpatrick. William Heinemann. 3s. 6d.
FATE'S FETTERS. By Jean de la Brète. Translated by Mrs. F. Hoper-Dixon. Digby, Long & Co. 6s.
MR. BLAKE, OF NEWMARKET. By Edward H. Cooper. William Heinemann. 6s.
LOVE FOR A KEY. By G. Colmore. William Heinemann. 2s. 6d.
THE FAITHFUL CITY. By Herbert Morrah. Methuen & Co. 6s.
POOR JACK. By Captain Marryat. Macmillan & Co. 3s. 6d.
A SHORT INSING. By Tivoli. Digby Long & Co. 3s. 6d.
BRANFOT SKETCHES. By J. Mackinnon. Alexander Gardner.
THE SECRET ROSE. By W. B. Yeats. Illustrated by J. B. Yeats. Laurence & Bulen.
FALSE DAWN. By Francis Prevost. Ward, Lock & Co. 6s.
THE FALL OF CONSTANTINOPLE. By A. Wall. Hutchinson & Co. 6s.
MRS. KEITH HAMILTON. By Annie S. Swan. Hutchinson & Co. 3s. 6d.
ESSENTIALLY HUMAN. By Annie Thomas. F. V. White & Co.
INTO AN UNKNOWN WORLD. By John Strange Winter. Second edition. F. V. White & Co.
THE COACHEMAN'S CLUB. By Geo. R. Sims. F. V. White & Co.

BELLES LETTRES.

- FROM GRAVE TO GAY. By J. St. Lee Strachey. Smith, Elder & Co. 6s.
HUGO OF AVERDON. In Four Acts. By E. L. M. Elliot. Stock.

BIBLIOGRAPHY.

- FACSIMILES FROM EARLY PRINTED BOOKS IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM. Printed by order of the Trustees.

PHILOLOGY.

- THE OXFORD ENGLISH DICTIONARY. In Two Parts: DISTRAUSTFULLY—DOOM. FLEXUOSITY—FOSTER. Clarendon Press.

TRAVEL.

- IN THE GUIANA FOREST. By James Rodway, F.L.S. T. Fisher Unwin. 7s. 6d.
SKETCHES OF TRAVEL IN NORMANDY AND MAINS. By Edward A. Freeman. Macmillan & Co. 8s. 6d.

ANTIQUITIES.

- BELL'S CATHEDRAL SERIES: THE CATHEDRAL CHURCH OF CHESTER. By Charles Hiat. George Bell & Sons. 1s. 6d.

FOREIGN.

- WATERLOO. Par Louis Naves. J. Lehigh & Co. (Bruxelles).

MISCELLANEOUS.

- ESSAYS AND SPEECHES. By W. S. Lilly. Chapman & Hall.
FIRST PRINCIPLES OF MECHANICAL AND ENGINEERING DRAWING. By H. Holt. Butterfill, M.E. Chapman & Hall. 7s. 6d.
IMPERIAL DEFENCE. By the Right Hon. Sir Charles W. Dilke and Spencer Wilkinson. Archibald Constable & Co. 2s. 6d.
WAR Famine and OUR FOOD SUPPLY. By R. B. Marston. Sampson Low.
NATURAL HISTORY IN SHAKESPEARE'S TIME. Edited by H. W. Seager. Elliot Stock.
STORIES OF AUSTRALIA IN THE EARLY DAYS. By Marcus Clarke. Hutchinson & Co. 3s. 6d.
THE COMING COMMONWEALTH. By Robert Randolph Gaitan, B.A. Simpkin Marshall & Co.
AN EMIGRANT'S HOME LETTERS. By Sir Henry Parkes. Simpkin Marshall & Co.

NOTES AND NEWS.

SOME of the American papers seem vexed that Col. John Hay should be spoken of in this country so much as the author of the *Pike County Ballads* and so little as the author of *Castilian Days* and the biography of Lincoln. "Apparently," says the *Tribune*, "American literature must be grotesque in humour and fantastic in form, or it will not be accepted in England as having the racy virtues of the soil." This is perfectly true. American literature when it lacks these qualities often reads like nothing but imitation English literature, and we can hardly be expected to grow enthusiastic over that. No one denies the value of Col. Hay's monumental work of Lincoln, but weighed against "Little Breeches" and "Jim Bludso" and "Tilmon Joy" and "The Mystery of Gilgal" it kicks the beam.

In an article on Col. John Hay, the *Critic* as good as states that the anonymous novel *The Bread-Winners* was from his pen. The authorship of this remarkable story, which appeared first in the *Century*, and then in volume form (1883), and was read by everyone, was never avowed; but, on the other hand, Col. Hay has never denied it.

It may be of some interest to state that a model of a portion of one of the Borgia rooms in the Vatican which have just been thrown open by the Pope is among the treasures of the South Kensington Museum. Pinturicchio's frescoes form, of course, the principal beauty of these apartments, and the three represented in the South Kensington model are "St. Catherine before the Emperor Maximin," the "Escape of St. Barbara," and the "Visit of St. Paul the Hermit to St. Anthony." The subject of the ceiling paintings is the story of Osiris.

MR. GLADSTONE has addressed the following letter to Miss E. R. Chapman, the author of a book of Essays entitled *Marriage Questions in Modern Fiction*, published by Mr. John Lane:

"Cannes: March 15, 1897.

"DEAR MADAM,—Your work reached me yesterday, and I have been reading it alike with pleasure and profit. I hope it may become the nucleus of a distinct defensive action from your point of view.

"If you had leisure to acquaint yourself with the view of marriage as it stands in Homer, you would, I think, find it useful and interesting.

"I remain, with many thanks,

"Faithfully yours,

"W. E. GLADSTONE."

THE suggestion of a correspondent of the *Times* that Governor Bradford's MS. shall be exhibited at the British Museum for a short time before it is handed over to America is one which we hope will be acted upon. To those who have read Dr. Arber's recent work on the Pilgrim Fathers it will have peculiar interest.

THE BURROWS Brothers Company, of Cleveland, have just secured for their issue of *The Jesuit Relations and Allied Documents*, which is being edited for them by Mr. Reuben Gold Thwaites, the original MS. of Father Claude Dablon's famous "Relation of the French-Canadian Mission for the years 1676-77. The MS. came to the surface on March 10 last, at Sotheby's. The publishing of the annual volume of *Jesuit Relations* at Paris was prohibited by Richelieu after 1672, and few thereafter found their way into print. In 1854 James Lenox for the first time issued Dablon's *Relation*, edited by Dr. O'Callaghan; but the printer followed an abbreviated and modernised MS. copy at Laval University, Quebec. In 1861 it was again printed, at Paris, in Douniol's *Mission du Canada*, but still in an imperfect form. The lucky finding of the original MS. enables Mr. Thwaites to now present this interesting document just as it was written.

In the *Contemporary Review* Mr. Gosse has a critical article upon the Polish novelist Sienkiewicz, which should draw attention to that author's voluminous romances. Beginning with a few biographical notes, Mr. Gosse tells us that Sienkiewicz, who is now just over fifty years of age, has seen many countries and varieties of life. After leaving the University of Warsaw he became a gipsy, actually joining some nomadic tribe, then a gold miner in California, and an African explorer. Meanwhile he wrote continually sketches, stories, and novels. At last, in 1880, he returned to Warsaw to edit a paper or magazine called *Słowo*, and signalised his control by running therein a serial which lasted for eight years. Productivity is indeed the badge of Polish novelists—Kraszewski, who preceded Sienkiewicz as novelist-in-chief to Poland, was the author of more than 450 volumes.

SIENKIEWICZ's principal novels are: *Children of the Soil*, *Quo Vadis*, *Without Dogma*, and a tremendous historical trilogy—*With Fire and Sword*, *The Deluge*, and *Pan Michael*. All these are now to be read in English, which is the tongue, in fact, in which Mr. Gosse knows them. "If Sienkiewicz," he says, "is true to his curious virile gift for rendering the movements and phenomena of savage warfare, he ought to secure a place only just below Scott and Dumas among the active and creative writers of masculine romance." Mr. Gosse incidentally remarks that De Quincey's *Revolt of the Tartars* is more like Sienkiewicz's trilogy than any other work in English literature.

Quo Vadis, which has recently taken America between wind and water, Mr. Gosse declines to read, partly, he says, because life is short and Sienkiewicz's art is so very long; and partly because he has an invincible dislike to stories that "contrast the corrupt brilliance of Paganism with the austere and self-reliant teaching of Christianity," which is what *Quo Vadis* purports to do; and partly because an American reviewer has stated that it "tells the story of the Crucifixion with artistic lifelikeness." These are reasons enough.

IN choosing for illustration in the series of "Scenes from Great Novels" in *Scribner's* the transformation of Dr. Jekyll into Mr. Hyde in Lanyon's office, Mr. William Hole has attempted the impossible. If there is one incident in fiction which absolutely could not be pictured, it is this. The transformation was a matter of time: plastic art can represent only a single moment. Mr. Hole ought to have known how hopeless was his task; for unless preceded by a picture showing Dr. Jekyll as the bland practitioner, the view of him as Hyde is of no value. But no number of drawings could convey the scene with a tithe of the effect of Stevenson's words.

THE new edition of *Letters to A. P. Watt*, consisting of grateful epistles to the literary agent of that well-known name from many of the most popular of living writers, cannot be very exhilarating reading for the publishers. It is uncontrovertible testimony that their lawful prey, the author, is passing for ever from their grasp. From the point of view of the author, who receives more money and has less anxiety, and from the point of view of the agent, who pockets his commission, the new system is, of course, desirable. But from the point of view of the publisher, who has to pay a larger sum (to include the agent's fees), the new system must seem very unnecessary. On the other hand, a letter from Messrs. Chatto & Windus is testimony that in arranging for the serial publication of books the agent can be of the greatest assistance.

MR. WATT numbers the most distinguished clients, and they all write with enthusiasm of his judgment and dispatch. Among the writers of letters in this little book are Mr. Balfour, Sir John Lubbock, Mr. Weyman, Mr. Conan Doyle, Sir Walter Besant, Mr. Louis Becke, Mr. Grant Allen, Mr. James Payn, Mr. Kipling, Mr. Crockett, the late Wilkie Collins, and Mr. Blackmore. But none of the writers permit themselves to be very characteristic.

MR. JOHN MILNE announces the early publication of a work upon the modern English stage from the pen of a distinguished French critic and man of letters, long resident in this country, M. Augustin Filon. It appeared originally in the form of consecutive chapters in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, and was published in volume form in Paris last year. The translation, which is by Mr. Frederick Whyte, will be enhanced by a lengthy introductory essay by Mr. Henry Arthur Jones.

A FEW days ago, a week or so after the appearance in the *ACADEMY* of the portrait supplement of Walter Savage Landor, a letter was received at this office addressed to "Walter Savage Landor, Esq." We considered we had the right to open this letter. It was from an enterprising firm of photographers in Baker-street, and its contents, which follow, turned out to be even better than we anticipated: "Sir [the letter ran],—We are very anxious to include your portrait in our 'Series of Celebrities,' and should be very pleased if you could kindly

grant us a sitting for the purpose at your convenience, especially as only a few minutes will be required. We shall be happy to take you any time that you may be able to appoint, and we will, of course, send copies of the portraits for your inspection before making use of them in any way.—We are, Sir, yours faithfully, —"

IN response to a critic, Mr. Harold Frederic has written to the *Brooklyn Times* to point out that the social dialogues which are contained in his volume, *Observations in Philistia*, were printed in the *National Observer* long before the appearance of Anthony Hope's *Dolly Dialogues*, with which they have been compared. This statement, however, although it clears Mr. Frederic from a charge of imitation (which no acute reviewer would have brought), does not quite prove Mr. Frederic to be the reviver of the dialogue form. Mr. Kipling's *Story of the Gadsbys* preceded both, and has not yet been excelled.

MR. RICHARD HARDING DAVIS has been sent to this country to describe the Diamond Jubilee for *Harper's Magazine*. Mr. Davis's description of the Coronation of the Czar was a most capable piece of work. It is a little surprising that English novelists are not employed more often by English editors for similar duties. Mr. Rudyard Kipling, it is well known, has announced his readiness to serve as war correspondent.

WEBSTER's definition of pseudonym—"a fictitious name assumed for the time, as by an author; a pen name"—does not appear to be shared by Mr. Douglas Sladen. In *Who's Who*, of which he is the new editor, we find a list of "Newspaper Pseudonyms," which includes "L. F. Austin," "J. K. Jerome," "G. Bernard Shaw," "Clement Scott," "James Payn," and "Mrs. Norman." These surely are signatures, not pseudonyms. The same list mentions "H. P. Trail" as the author of the "World of Letters" in the *Graphic*.

AGAIN, in a list of pseudonyms more generally used, which is interesting but a little out of date here and there, we find Alice M. Kipling given as the pseudonym of Mrs. J. M. Fleming, Mme. Norman Neruda as that of Lady Hallé, and Méné Muriel Dowie as that of Mrs. Norman. A maiden name continued into married life is not exactly a pseudonym. To "The Yellow Dwarf" no real name is assigned.

MISS MARY WILKINS, collaborating with a Boston journalist, has written a play.

THE Rev. J. E. Auden, of Tong, Shifnal, is compiling a Register of Shrewsbury School from 1798 to 1897, which will be published by Messrs. Woodall, Minshall & Co., of Oswestry and Shrewsbury.

A NEW story by Mr. Francis Gribble is about to appear under the title *Only an Angel*. The effect of mountain scenery upon individual character is incidentally illustrated.

THE ONLOOKER.

"THE WELL-BELOVED."

WE have received the following letter from Mr. Thomas Hardy, in which he explains, a little more fully than in his preface, the evolution and purport of *The Well-Beloved*:

Dorchester: March 29.

After reading your review of *The Well-Beloved* (more appreciative in feeling and generous towards its faults than such a slight story deserves), I think it would not be amiss to account for the ultra-romantic notion of the tale, which seems to come slightly as a surprise to readers. Not only was it published serially five years ago, but it was sketched many years before that date, when I was comparatively a young man, and interested in the Platonic Idea, which, considering its charm and its poetry, one could well wish to be interested in always.

Later on, in answer to a request from Mr. Tillotson, of Bolton, for "something light" for his syndicate, the tale was taken in hand and adapted, the idea of perfection in woman being made to grow upon the hero, an innocent and moral man throughout, as described, till it became a trouble to him rather than a delight.

In lately correcting and revising the chapters I saw that the visionary character of the conception, and, so to speak, the youthfulness of the plot, was what I should certainly not have been able to enter into at this time of my life, if it had not been shaped already. There is, of course, underlying the fantasy followed by the visionary artist the truth that all men are pursuing a shadow, the Unattainable, and I venture to hope that this may redeem the tragedy-comedy from the charge of frivolity, or of being built upon a baseless conceit, that may otherwise have been brought against it.

I may, perhaps, be allowed to state in addition, that "Avice" is an old name common in the county, and that "Caro" (like all the other surnames) is an imitation of a local name which will occur to everybody who knows the place—this particular modification having been adopted because of its resemblance to the Italian for "dear."

THOMAS HARDY.

ACADEMY PORTRAITS.

XXI.—WILLIAM COWPER.

IT is agreed that no one has had the familiar epistolary manner in such perfection as Cowper. Lamb's envelopes contained more fun, more wit, more artifice; but Cowper's were the better letters. Cowper's letters, like certain of his poems, are not to be excelled for ease, for flexibility, for grace, for smiling wisdom, for sweet reasonableness. By reason of his lines written on the receipt of his mother's picture, certain passages in "The Task," the ballad of "John Gilpin," a handful of extracts from the longer poems, and a few short occasional pieces, serious and humorous, Cowper occupies among poets a place apart. His letters give him a position among prose writers that is not less exalted.

Cowper, we expect, would be astonished to know of either achievement, but his surprise

to find that his letters are esteemed so highly would probably far exceed his joy that his poetry is so beloved. To his verses he gave the utmost pains, admitting that therein he found "pleasure," and no man has written more sanely of the art of poetry. He brought the carefulest consideration to every epithet. "I never," he wrote to Newton, "suffer a line to pass till I have made it as good as I can." Hence nothing occurs in his poems that was not deliberately intentional. When his printer had permitted a line to be tampered with, Cowper wrote:

"There is a roughness on a plum which nobody that understands fruit would rub off, though the plum would be much more polished without it. . . . I will only add that I wish you to guard me from all such meddling; assuring you that I always write as smoothly as I can, but that I never did, never will, sacrifice the spirit or sense of a passage to the sound of it."

We see, therefore, that Cowper's poetry was subjected to minutest examination before he let it fare forth into the world.

On the other hand, his letters, written without an erasure, have a not less distinguished technique. They flowed from his pen like water along an aqueduct, and they have the same steady fluidity. The selection and arrangement of words are alike perfect: it is the best pen-and-ink conversation that we have. What could exceed the limpidity and supple movement of the following passage, describing the call of the candidate, with its undercurrent of gentle drollery?

"We were sitting yesterday after dinner—the two ladies and myself—very composedly, and without the least apprehension of any such intrusion, in our snug parlour, one lady knitting, the other netting, and the gentleman winding worsted, when, to our unspeakable surprise, a mob appeared before the window, a smart rap was heard at the door, the boys hallooed, and the maid announced Mr. Grenville. Puss [the tame hare] was unfortunately let out of her box, so that the candidate, with all his good friends at his heels, was refused admittance at the grand entry, and referred to the back door, as the only possible way of approach. Candidates are creatures not very susceptible of affronts, and would rather, I suppose, climb in at the window than be absolutely excluded. In a minute the yard, the kitchen, and the parlour were filled. Mr. Grenville, advancing towards me, shook me by the hand with a degree of cordiality that was extremely seducing. As soon as he and as many more as could find chairs were seated, he began to open the intent of his visit. I told him I had no vote, for which he readily gave me credit. I assured him I had no influence, which he was not equally inclined to believe, and the less, no doubt, because Mr. Ashburner, the drapier, addressing himself to me at that moment, informed me that I had a great deal. Supposing that I could not be possessed of such a treasure without knowing it, I ventured to confirm my first assertion by saying that if I had any I was utterly at a loss to imagine where it could be or wherein it consisted. Thus ended the conference. Mr. Grenville squeezed me by the hand again, kissed the ladies, and withdrew. He likewise kissed the maid in the kitchen, and seemed, upon the whole, a most loving, kissing, kind-hearted gentleman. He is very young, genteel, and handsome. He has a pair of very good eyes in his head, which not being sufficient, as it should seem, for the many nice and difficult purposes of a senator, he has a third also, which he wore

suspended by a ribbon from his buttonhole. The boys hallooed, the dogs barked, puss scampered; the hero, with his long train of obsequious followers, withdrew. We made ourselves very merry with the adventure, and in a short time settled into our former tranquillity, never, probably, to be thus interrupted more."

Reading the foregoing passage one understands what Mr. Meredith means by saying that the comic spirit is the daylight side of the night half obscuring Cowper. Remembering that woful night, and Cowper's bitter struggles therein, his gaiety is the more wonderful. Through his loophole of retreat at Olney he saw the world with very shrewd eyes. His letters abound in wisdom as in fun. They are a liberal education.

Of Romney's portrait of Cowper, which we reproduce, the poet wrote that in the opinion of all who were then staying with him at Hayley's house at Earsham, where it was painted, it was "the most exact resemblance possible." Cowper was then sixty-one.

THE RECREATIONS OF LITERARY MEN.

IN engaging the services of Mr. Douglas Sladen as editor of their biographical annual, *Who's Who*, Messrs. A. & C. Black have added not a little to the gaiety of the nation and a great deal to its knowledge. Thanks to Mr. Sladen's enterprise, we know now a thousand things that we did not know before the new *Who's Who* was published. But what one chiefly prizes in this sudden acquisition of information is the bundle of facts concerning the recreations of public persons, particularly of authors, which is laid before us. For in his desire to make *Who's Who* complete, Mr. Sladen has invited all the men and women who find a place in its pages to furnish him with their favourite pastimes, and in this way has made his book somewhat of a confession album, from which we have taken the liberty of extracting a few of the intimate things confided to it.

Place aux dames!—We find that Miss Marie Corelli seeks recreation in music and reading and playgoing; Miss Braddon in riding, gardening, music, and literature; Sarah Grand in music, country life, and sociology. That sociology looks suspicious. The adorable Gyp delights in *le cheval (surtout)*, *canoter*, *patiner*, *peindre*, *lire nager*—an excellent selection. John Oliver Hobbes plays music and chess; Mrs. Clifford travels and reads; Mrs. Meynell finds recreation in music; Mrs. Kennard in hunting, fishing, reading, and cycling, which she sagaciously calls an industry; Mrs. Molesworth in flowers, in the country, and in little children; Mrs. Ritchie in reading, fresh air, pictures, and good company; Mrs. Steel in music, singing, painting, cooking, and acting; and Mrs. Norman in riding, farming, and spinning. Miss Agnes Giberne tells us so much concerning her recreations that we are in danger of knowing more about them than her books. On the other hand, Mrs. Oliphant, Miss Broughton, and Mrs. Humphry Ward say nothing.

Taking the literary men in alphabetical order, we find that Dr. Abbott trifles with lawn tennis and is a beginner in cycling. Next year, we trust, he will confess to proficiency. Mr. Arthur à Beckett is an amateur soldier, and Sir Edwin Arnold yachts, travels, and cycles. Indeed, most of the authors seem to cycle. The Poet Laureate, as might be expected, gardens; he also rides and fishes. Mr. Robert Barr finds recreation in cycling, photography, and euvre (which is spelt without an "h"); Mr. Barrie in cricket; Mr. E. F. Benson in golf, Rugby, tennis, lawn tennis, and Greek antiquities, which surely can leave little time for work; Mr. Birrell in walking (which he calls pedestrianism), golf, and book-hunting; Mr. Oscar Browning in swimming, cycling, and mountaineering; Mr. Buchanan in shooting, fishing, yachting, and horse-racing; Mr. Hall Caine in mountaineering and riding; Mr. Sidney Colvin in novels, travel, and cycling; Mr. Crockett in mountaineering, cycling, and golf; Mr. Hardy in forestry, architecture, and cycling; Mr. Haggard, like the Poet Laureate, in gardening, and also in shooting, fishing, and cycling. Mr. Frank Harris pursues big game; Mr. Frederic Harrison travels and walks in mountains, which suggests the Pied Piper of Hamelin; Mr. Silas K. Hocking plays tennis (? lawn tennis) and golf; Mr. Coulson Kernahan plays cricket and football; Mr. Kipling cycles and fishes; Mr. Lang fishes and plays cricket (there ought to be a *Who's Who* eleven) and golf; Mr. Le Gallienne cycles; Mr. Lilly rides, cycles, and plays racquets; Sir Theodore Martin, among other pursuits, collects autographs; Mr. Meredith reads French; Sir Lewis Morris names poetry as his recreation; Mr. Arthur Morrison, the author of *A Child of the Jago*, collects Japanese prints; Mr. Lloyd Osbourne rides, cycles, drives, plays tennis, and takes photographs; Mr. Palgrave is a violinist; Mr. Quiller-Couch yachts and rows; Mr. James Payn plays whist; Mr. Sladen, the editor of the book, shoots with the rifle, plays Rugby and golf, travels, collects curios, and is interested in architecture; Mr. Traill plays lawn tennis and racquets, and cycles; Ian Maclaren plays golf; Mr. Wells cycles.

The humorists do not shine. Mr. Burnand confesses meekly to music and yachting. Once, it seems, he rode, but he states, and states it without a pun, that he has now given that up. Mr. Anstey-Guthrie cycles and occasionally boats. Mr. Jerome rides, cycles, drives, and (of course) boats. Mr. Max Beerbohm, who would probably have been funny, apparently was not asked. Dr. Parker is reserved and serious. It is left for Dr. Jessopp, Mr. George Bernard Shaw, and Sir Walter Besant to supply the light relief. Mr. Shaw finds recreation in cycling and showing-off; Sir Walter Besant in looking on, and Dr. Jessopp in visiting his parishioners, growing apples and potatoes, grumbling at the weather, and driving an old horse as far as he will go, which suggests the need for attention from the R.S.P.C.A. Dr. Martineau, who is nearly ninety-two, gives rowing and walking; but, on the other hand, Dr. Smiles, although only a

mere child of eighty-five, claims to be too old for recreation at all. Another doctor also rows, Dr. Furnivall; and still another doctor—namely, Dr. Stubbs, Dean of Ely—plays golf, cycles, and makes and patents all by himself the sleepy hollow chair. If we recollect rightly, this is not the chair supplied in Ely Cathedral: that, though certainly hollow, is anything but sleepy.

The authors who do not confess to any recreation whatever are numerous. But it must not be deduced, we take it, that they are superior to exercise. We could believe, perhaps, that Mr. Grant Allen and Mr. William Archer, Mr. Gosse and Dr. Garnett, Mr. Henley and Mr. George Moore, never recreate, but surely (although he does not mention it) Mr. R. D. Blackmore does, and Mr. John Davidson, and Lewis Carroll, and Anthony Hope, and Mr. Henry James. Mr. Sladen must see to it next year that a truthful answer to his inquiries is extracted from everyone, or how are we to know *Who's Who*, and *What's What*? This dodging of questions is unpardonable. And more, we consider that we are entitled to be told where and when the recreation takes place. We want to know where we can see our public men disporting themselves. We want to know where we can see Mr. Sladen himself playing Rugby, and Dr. Abbott beginning cycling, and Mr. Robert Buchanan shooting, and Mr. Frederic Harrison walking in mountains, and Ian Maclaren at golf.

THE CARE OF BOOKS.

In *The Private Library*—which has for subtitle: "What we do know, What we don't know, What we ought to know, about our books,"—Mr. Arthur L. Humphreys buttonholes his readers and proffers them counsel of perfection. Brushing aside all sentiment, he instructs them in the whole duty of the book-owner. The time, he says in effect, has come for the recognition of the library; no longer must it be a spot sacred to surreptitious and unlettered naps, no longer must it occupy a place secondary to the billiard-room. The library must dominate the family. The ideal house is a mere brick and mortar accretion upon a library nucleus. Such, in effect is Mr. Humphreys' contention. Proceeding, with this theory firmly fixed in our minds, we perceive at once that Mr. Humphreys is an aristocrat. He is intent upon fair appearances. He is the friend of limited editions and fine copies. He favours good paper and generous margins. He admires above all editions the *Edinburgh Stevenson*. There are critics who cannot endure a book which contains other books, as the *Edinburgh* volumes often do, but Mr. Humphreys is not of them. Yet he discriminates: "Large paper copies," he insists, "are not necessarily fine copies," and "the man who collects large paper books as large paper books is a vulgarian and a fool." After the publisher's cloth Mr. Humphreys deems morocco the desirable wear; but if morocco is not practicable, then pig-skin, calf, vellum, roan, or buckram, in this order of merit. Bookshelves, he says, should

never be more than eight feet high, and ladders are abomination. In this pontifical manner he lays down his pleasant laws. *The Private Library* is probably the most practical work on books that has ever been published. It is as practical as Mrs. Beeton. Here is a little sheaf of maxims which Mr. Humphreys offers to be "learned by heart" or "bought by experience," whichever course the reader prefers:

"Do not bite your paper-knife until it has the edge of a saw.

"Do not cut books except with a proper ivory paper-knife.

"It is ruination to a good book not to cut it right through into the corners.

"Do not turn the leaves of books down. Particularly, do not turn down the leaves of books printed on plate paper.

"If you are in the habit of lending books do not mark them. These two habits together constitute an act of indiscretion.

"It is better to give a book than to lend it.

"Never write upon a title-page or half-title. The blank fly-leaf is the right place.

"Books are neither card-racks, crumb-baskets, nor receptacles for dead leaves.

"Books were not meant as cushions, nor were they meant to be toasted before a fire."

Yet one may obey all these commandments and still be no true book lover. Mr. Humphreys may teach decorum; he cannot compel enthusiasm. *The Private Library*, whether or not one wholly agrees with it, is always entertaining. But we have an idea that Mr. Humphreys, had he relaxed his hold upon himself, might have made it more so. There are frequent hints of an epigram nipped in the bud, a flippancy discouraged, a smile suppressed. Against one of his statements a stern protest should be raised. Mr. Humphreys somewhere writes that "the prices of *all good books* are going up, and anyone who lays out money with care within the next ten years will have the enjoyment of his library and a good investment as well." This is a jarring note. It may be true, but it is not consonant with book loving.

THE BOOK MARKET.

ARCHITECTURAL BOOKSELLING.

A CHAT WITH MR. B. T. BATSFORD.

THERE is a shop in High Holborn which must have roused the curiosity of many a Londoner. It is that shop near the opening of Dean-street, which displays architectural books—many of them folios—illustrated sumptuously with photographs of churches and mansions; books of Design, of Wood-carving, of Cabinet-making; books of Japanese Art; books on Building Construction, on Dilapidations, on Dry-rot in Timber, on Bungalows—books that one sees nowhere else. These ten years I had wondered how Mr. Batsford could prosper by producing and selling these books in the wildest part of Holborn. But I found Mr. Batsford ready to condescend to my ignorance when I introduced myself to him this week.

"Who are your customers, Mr. Batsford?" I asked, only I asked it less bluntly.

"Well," he replied, "architects and architectural people generally. No; the cultured amateur does not count for much. There is a little public, of which the architectural profession is the nucleus, and more than the nucleus, on which we are very satisfied to depend. We are in the closest touch with that public, having been here—my father and myself—for over fifty years."

"I see. Now let us take one of your costly publications, say Mr. Birch's *London Churches of the XVIIth and XVIIIth Centuries*. Will you tell me how you produce and make profitable a work of this kind?"

"Certainly. I will tell you at once that Mr. Birch's work, which we publish at three guineas, cost us £1,500 to produce, and it has been a financial success. Its history is very simple. I had for years been having photographs taken of the finest City churches in the belief that I could use them. These, I may fairly say, were perfect in their way. Look at this photograph of St. Paul's which forms the frontispiece to the volume. It is unique. In no other existing photograph is the dome seen to such advantage, because here neither of the campanile towers interferes with it, while the utmost range is obtained as regards other parts of the building. That photograph was taken from the spire of St. Martin's, Ludgate, when it was scaffolded for repairs some time ago. At last I had got all the photographs I needed; the book had shaped itself in my mind; and all I wanted was a good editor. Him I found in Mr. George H. Birch, who is a thorough antiquarian. You may remember that he designed the 'Old London Street,' which was a feature of the 'Healtheries' Exhibition. He had already given a great deal of study to the City churches."

"Do you regard Mr. Birch's book as an exceptional undertaking?"

"Oh, no! A much costlier work was Mr. J. A. Gough's *Architecture of the Renaissance in England*"—and Mr. Batsford put a huge folio before me. "On that book we laid out three thousand pounds. Moreover, in a few days we shall begin to issue a sequel to it on *Later Renaissance Architecture in England*, by Mr. John Belcher and Mr. Mervyn E. Macartney, both unimpeachable authorities on the subject. These are some of the collotype plates. Then in mere cost even these books fall far below Mr. Edwin Sach's *Modern Opera-Houses and Theatres*, which we are issuing in three volumes at fifteen guineas. In this case, however, the risk is not our own."

"And what is your very newest book, Mr. Batsford?"

"This one, entitled *Plastering: Plain and Decorative*. Now, you wouldn't think we could do much with a book like that. But it is the first comprehensive work on its subject; its author, Mr. William Millar, is a master of his craft, having been a plasterer all his life, and being actually descended through a long line of plasterers. All the mysteries of the art are here, and already we have orders for 1,200 copies."

I had heard very little about Mr. Batsford's operations, but I had heard enough to show me that technical book-selling may spell prosperity. W. W.

BOOKSELLERS' WINDOWS.

LEICESTER SQUARE.

It would be sad if there were no bookshops in Leicester-square. The associations of the place demand it. Where Reynolds and Johnson and Goldsmith talked books, their posterity ought to be able to buy them. Where Shakespeare stands pointing with his forefinger to his own words—"There is no darkness but ignorance"—good literature should be for sale. And such fitness has been preserved. Sir Joshua's house is now the book mart of Messrs. Puttick & Simpson. Within half a stone's throw, at the north-west corner of the square, is the large bookshop of Messrs. Bickers & Son. Here, appropriately enough, art books are always well to the fore. Meissonier, Lord Leighton, Millet, the old Dutch and Flemish Masters, Turner, Caldecott, and Phil May are here in their best folio dress. The shop, too, is a stronghold of the late Mr. P. G. Hamerton's sumptuous art books. His *Etching and Etchers*, *Man in Art*, and *Landscape in Art* are still obtainable here. Messrs. Bickers & Son do not classify books in their windows. "A sweet disorder" is more to their liking, a style of window-dressing that has its charms. Here theology and novels, science and *belles-lettres*, are mingled by the operation of the laws of chance. Sir Evelyn Wood's *Achievements of Cavalry* rubs shoulders with Ouida's *The Massarenes*; *Harry Lorrequer* stands next to Wiedemann's *Religion of the Ancient Egyptians*; Haydn's *Book of Dignities* is wholesomely paired with *Tom Hood*; Fiona Macleod's Celtic mysticism is tempered with the *Statesman's Year-Book*; and the *Memoirs of Baron Ompléda* are associated with Dean Farrar's *Life of St. Paul*.

COVENTRY STREET.

With all Leicester-square's English associations, it is the centre of the foreign quarter of London. The foreign bookshop, therefore, is not far to seek. Everyone knows the "Librairie Parisienne" of Mr. Charles Hirsch in Coventry-street. Its window is gay and appetising to a degree: it is a reflection of literary Paris. The yellow and white covers and *chic* designs are a perpetual invitation to cross the street. Here *Ramuncho* and *Recommandements* and *L'Orme du Mail* and *Le Jardin Secret* just now invite your custom. Here the beautiful little volumes of the *Petite Collection Guillaume* look like delicate literary sweetmeats; among them Shakespeare's *Le Songe d'un Nuit d'été*, and Byron's *Le Corsaire et Lara*, and Dickens's *Le Grillon du Foyer*. Another excellent foreign bookshop is the "Librairie Française" in Wardour-street. This is the best shop in London to go to for French newspapers and periodicals. Every evening nearly forty French daily papers arrive from Paris, and are busily sorted and distributed, while Saturday brings the illustrated weeklies, the caricatures, and fresh supplies of *Albums Divers*, *Albums Humoristiques*, *Albums de la Vie Parisienne*. The stock of French books of all kinds is large, and a classified catalogue is published by the management. But we have not done yet with Coventry-street.

Messrs. Robson & Co.'s shop on the left-side, approaching Piccadilly-circus, is always worth your delay. Old English sports and sportsmen, humours and humorists, reign here. Scrope on *Salmon Fishing*, Scrope, again, on *Deer-Stalking*, books on *Horseman-ship*, Dr. Syntax's *Tour*, Cruikshankiana, the *Poetical Magazine*, Pierce Egan's books of London life; these, and books like these, renew themselves perpetually here. The other day we noticed a fine copy of the life of the great John Mytton of Halstead, Shropshire, by "Nimrod," who promises much information concerning Mytton's "Extravagant and Eccentric Exploits." The title-page is engraved with a picture of Mytton's funeral, to which the quotation is attached: "Here after Life's fitful fever he sleeps well."

DRAMA.

AT the risk, or rather with the certainty, of being called a pedant and a prig, I have insisted that many plays, described by their authors and accepted by other people as comedies, were not, in fact, comedies at all. An effusion of simple feeling, streaked here and there by irrelevantly farcical effects, does not amount to a comedy. I have deplored what has seemed to me to be the total absence of comedy from our contemporary stage, and have been called a prig and a pedant. In future I shall not be so called, since Mr. Meredith's essay on comedy has been republished and reviewed. As is right and proper, indeed, Mr. Meredith is more exclusive than I, for he denies, by implication, the presence of the comic spirit in certain plays (of the Restoration) where I find it written large. But I think he would agree with me that Mr. Pinero's "The Princess and the Butterfly," though not a completely finished comedy, is in conception and on the broad lines of its execution a comedy in truth. There is a point in middle life, before the tragedy of it sets in, where comedy is quite at home, and on this Mr. Pinero has seized. The half-serious, but exaggerated laments of their declining years on the part of a healthy man of forty-five and a still beautiful woman of forty are an excellent starting-point for comedy of character. "I must sit with my back to the light," the lady says, and "Piccadilly is full of tombstones," says the man. "Let us," they say in unison, "make a humdrum marriage of convenience, with no pretence of the illusions that are dead for ever." Whereon they go and fall in love with a boy and a girl. I confess that I think at this point the comic spirit takes on too pronounced a tinge of sentiment: the love affairs are successful, and the marriage of convenience is humorously broken off. I should have preferred the other solution, a period of passion growing tedious by degrees, a humorous weariness of emotion, and then a haven of content in the marriage of convenience after all. It would be called "cynical," but I think the comic spirit would have approved. However, one is

grateful for what is given. Neither the Scylla of too pronounced feeling nor the Charybdis of farce is quite avoided, to be sure. The love affairs seemed to me to be on too lofty a plane of emotion. The fourth act, though admirably acted, and the great success of the play, was not on the comic plane. On the other hand, Mr. Pinero's idea of pointing the situation by two contrasted types of middle-aged couples, the couple which was bored and naughty, and the couple which was devoted and virtuous, was carried out—certainly in the latter case—in a vein of farce. It gave him, however, a most effective ending for his second act, in which the wife goes upstairs, and the husband, by another door, to bed. This second act, by the way, contained two points for remark. The first was a little satire on London society—the young man with his new toys who was asked out because the toys made another young man give his funny laugh—that was extremely funny. The other point was the irony of the secretly naughty wife condemning the openly naughty *cocotte*: that has been done too often, by Ouida especially. If, to resume, the faults of sentiment and farce were not absent, yet the virtue of comedy was present, and the play is a very notable one. But even so rare a play as an English comedy should not go on for four hours. The third act, though the best in comedy of the play, was the great sinner in unnecessary length; it contained an irrelevant crowd of diplomatists, an irrelevant violin solo, and irrelevant manoeuvres of servants; such things are concessions to a taste that is not dramatic, and should be cut out of the play. The drawing of characters was good, the types being neither hackneyed nor too eccentric. Some of the dialogue was witty, but its general level might have been wittier. But, on the whole, we can pay Mr. Pinero the best compliment we can think of—that Mr. Meredith ought to see his play.

THE acting was good. It contained, what is always so delightful, an unexpected excellence, which met with its reward of enthusiasm. Miss Fay Davis's playing of an Italian girl was strong and finished. It began, I thought, a little on wrong lines; she suggested rather a clever, ratiocinative young woman than a hot-blooded girl. But in the fourth act, where she was first detected playing pranks by her guardian friend and was sulky and defiant, and then, learning that he was going to fight a duel, broke down in gratitude and devotion, she accomplished a very fine piece of acting indeed. I was not quite convinced by her accent, but to sustain it with such consistency as she exhibited was extremely clever. Mr. Alexander was a master of his part of a bachelor lamenting his middle-age, though he hardly suggested the "butterfly." It did not afford him so much scope for his gift of light humour as might have been, but it was a good part well played. Miss Julia Neilson played carefully, and never dropped below a creditable level. I did not admire her so much as in "As You Like It," but her acting then was a great surprise to me. In "The Princess" it was far above what was once her form.

Mr. Esmond, as the middle-aged and indifferent husband, kept the lighter scene of comedy well together, and did his share of the clever "curtain" of that act with excellent discretion. Mr. H. B. Irving has never altogether pleased me; he was nearer it than usual. He seems to me to be a clever actor with a radically bad style, who needs a course of heavy work and light parts. Miss Rose Leclercq's part, on the other hand, was far too small; she has a gift of comedy which a writer of comedy should have employed.

PER aversions are agreeable things for a man, but inconvenient things for a critic. It is some years since I conceived a strong prejudice against the plays of Mr. H. A. Jones. To me they always had (I speak, of course, of his later plays) an air of pretentious half-culture, a stagey use of superficial philosophy, which was extremely disagreeable. Moreover, the life in them seemed to be aggressively second-hand, a clever and unsatisfactory deduction of books and newspapers. To avoid misconception, let me add at once that I am not insulting Mr. Jones, of whose culture or knowledge of the world I know nothing: I speak merely of the plays as they impressed me. But against this prejudice I have to be very much on my guard when I go a-criticising, and perhaps it is a wise precaution to have admitted it beforehand. "The Physician" did not dispel it. A clever play theatrically, no doubt, at one point of it very cleverly effective; but the picture of life in it—not an irrelevant consideration, since it is described as "A New Play of Modern Life"—is too improbable, too eccentric altogether. The central idea of it, that of a doctor being called in to reform a secret drunkard whose *fiancée* the doctor himself loves, and who would be discarded by her if the truth were known, is dramatic and by no means impossible. But, then, this celebrated physician is made an amorist who falls in love with the first woman he sees after being thrown over by a married flirt; and the drunkard in secret is in public a temperance reformer, though any doctor can detect his vice. It is a fault, even theatrically, that the married lady, who is an extremely prominent character, has no integral share in the plot: she is simply a fly on the wheel of the doctor's fate. Otherwise the play is cleverly constructed, in the first act in particular, which begins in a most interesting manner; and in the third, which has an excellent situation. Mr. Wyndham, as the doctor, has one of those parts of middle-aged men, with good sense, charming manners, and a sense of humour, which he affects nowadays, and plays with a fine finish. I think I have never seen him to better advantage, both in the lighter and in the more serious vein. Miss Marion Terry is not one of those cooing and colourless women whom her critics have delighted to honour. She has a part—that of the reprehensible married woman—which gives her an opportunity of acting, and she acts delightfully, with a light touch and a witty manner. Miss Mary Moore has a depressing part of a disappointed girl, and seemed to be even unduly depressed by it; but though her

key was minor it was not uncertain. Mr. Alfred Bishop was a dear old clergyman, but (to me) not very dear—a little too boneless in manner. He had the misfortune to be mixed up in some very inferior fooling. Mr. Thalberg was far too jerky and sepulchral, but played carefully. Of the rest, Mr. Kenyon, as another doctor, played rather cleverly, but not attractively, and Mr. Tyler was good as the doctor's servant. G. S. S.

MUSIC.

"LES TROYENS."

THE Trojans have made their way to Liverpool, but not *via* London. The late Sir A. Harris must have heard of the production of Berlioz' great work at Carlsruhe in 1890, and of the enthusiasm with which it was then received, and yet he never announced it. Quite apart from its merits as a music drama, "Les Troyens" is of interest in that Berlioz considered it his greatest work; further, in that it was from the pen of a composer who had heard "Rienzi" and "The Flying Dutchman," who was acquainted with the score of "Lohengrin," and who possibly may have seen the scores of still later works by Wagner—and all this before he commenced "Les Troyens." The strong individuality of Berlioz prevented him, however, from becoming an imitator of Wagner. In their aim after dramatic truthfulness, and in their horror of the commonplace, the two masters were akin; yet not because either copied from the other, but because each for himself had given heed to the teachings of Gluck; both also had profited by the romantic style of Weber's operas. In spirit they were alike, but in letter altogether different. There are no Wagner reminiscences in "Les Troyens." Wagner's enthusiasm for Gluck was great, but that of Berlioz still greater. The latter literally worshipped him, whereas the former mingled criticism with his admiration. In Berlioz the simplicity of the early master is strongly reflected, whereas the special function of the orchestra as conceived by Wagner led the latter to complex polyphonic writing after the manner of Bach. Then, again, although in the "Prise de Troie" Berlioz, overcome by the sad fate of Cassandra and the dire events of that night in which Troy fell, wrote in so thoroughly dramatic a style, that apart from the stage his music would prove most unsatisfactory, yet in the rest of the work form often makes itself felt; while there are certain numbers, such, for instance, as the air of Iopas, the poet laureate at Queen Dido's court, which cause the action to flag. Gluck tried to remove certain abuses which had crept into music for the stage, but did not—as later on Wagner—wage war against traditional forms. And, in like manner, Berlioz, although strongly in touch with modern ideas, and in some matters by no means conservative, still clung more or less to the old style of opera; and in "Les Troyens" the struggle between the past and the present of the composer's day is

strangely felt. In spite, however, of occasional weaknesses, concessions to custom, or effects *bizarre* rather than beautiful, Berlioz' music drama is nobly conceived and nobly carried out; it claims respect, and compels admiration.

For the moment, however, I am not concerned with the complete work, but with the last three acts given on Tuesday evening at Liverpool by the Philharmonic Society under the able direction of Mr. F. H. Cowen. Berlioz himself sanctioned this division of his score into two parts; though, of course, it was a matter of necessity, not choice. M. Cavallho in 1863 proposed to give these acts under the title "*Les Troyens à Carthage*," and did actually give them, though in sadly mutilated form. Better part than none, must have thought the composer, who was then in his sixty-first year. And so now I say, better perform these acts on the concert platform than not at all; for at present there is no prospect whatever of hearing the work on the stage in London. The Philharmonic Society and Mr. Cowen, at whose suggestion the work was given, deserve praise for their bold, and I am happy to add successful, undertaking. Several judicious cuts were made. The stately "*Gloire à Didon*" chorus, the clever Quintet in Act iv., the wonderful Septet with its mournful harmonies and soft and sombre orchestration, the delicious love duet between Dido and Æneas (the words of which Berlioz borrowed from Shakespeare, although, as Mr. Corder remarks in a footnote to his English version used by the Liverpool Society, without acknowledgment), the quaint song of the sailor Hylas, and the pathetic Dido scena at the close, produced a deep impression. The "*Chasse Royale*" is a wonderful piece of programme music, perhaps the finest of Berlioz' many tone-pictures. With exception of a few wild cries of nymphs and fawns, the movement is purely instrumental. The stage, with its storm effects, movements of nymphs and huntsmen, of course gives special point and meaning to the music; yet so bewitching is the theme which accompanies the swimming of the nymphs, so mysterious is the hunting phrase, and so interesting is the working up of the storm to a climax, and then the dying away, the thunder muttering in the distance, and the return of fine weather, with nymph and huntsman music, that the music *per se* arrests and holds attention. A storm in tones after Beethoven's "*Pastoral*" seems a bold venture; but Berlioz achieved something possessing an individuality all its own.

It would be possible to point out certain shortcomings in the Liverpool performance. There were signs here and there of insufficient rehearsal, and the lady solo vocalists were not always satisfactory. With regard to rehearsals it must be said that they were limited; and it is really surprising what Mr. Cowen was able to effect in the short time allotted to him. The vocalists were Mme. Marie Duma (Dido), Mrs. K. Fisk (Anna), Miss G. Izard (Ascanio), and Messrs. Lloyd (Æneas), D. Powell (Narbal and Panthus), and H. Jones (Iopas and Hylas). Mr.

Lloyd, whose part naturally is an important one, carried off chief honours. The chorus sang admirably, and the orchestra deserves high praise. There was a good attendance, and the music evidently gave very great pleasure. The work is sure to be repeated at Liverpool, and perhaps some day Londoners may have a chance of hearing it.

Two new pianoforte Concertos were performed in London last week. The first by Sir A. Mackenzie, entitled "*Scottish*," given at the opening concert of the Philharmonic Society at the Queen's Hall, is clever, and at times effective; and yet the impression which it creates is scarcely satisfactory. The slow, middle movement has grace and charm, and forms a welcome contrast to the somewhat spasmodic opening section of the work, also to the lively Finale; but, speaking generally, there seems nothing deep, strong, and lasting in the music. The Concerto was written at the request of Paderewski, and the knowledge that it would be interpreted by him accounts for many passages in which virtuosity seems the prime factor. I doubt whether Mackenzie, under ordinary circumstances, would have written for the pianoforte in the same style. M. Paderewski did not play with his usual charm and refinement, but pounded away at most of the music as if he were trying to annihilate it.

To M. Saint-Saëns' clever, though peculiar, Concerto, founded on Egyptian melodies, artistically interpreted by M. Diémer at M. Lamoureux's fifth concert, I must return on some future occasion.

J. S. S.

SCIENCE.

AMERICAN munificence has shown itself very strongly of late in the endowment of universities and expeditions. The most recent instance of the kind is the anthropological expedition fitted out at the expense of Mr. Morris J. Jesup, the president of the U.S. Museum of Natural History, which is to undertake a seven years' tour in the north-west of America, British Columbia, Alaska, Siberia, China, and as far down as Egypt. Prof. Putnam, formerly curator of the Peabody Anthropological Museum at Harvard, is in command of the expedition, and will be accompanied by Mr. F. Boas, well known for his researches into the manners and language of the Indians. This is by no means the first expedition of the kind which owes its inception to Mr. Jesup. That gentleman fitted out a relief party to search for Lieut. Peary in the Arctic regions, and he also found the money for the purpose of making the great Jesup collection of American woods, which forms a valuable exhibit in the museum under his direction.

THERE are certain problems of stellar composition which have lately formed the subject of discussion, and which from the difficulty of amassing true data are likely to do so for some time. A contribution towards the solution of one of these was put forward at

the Royal Society meeting on March 25, by Mr. J. Norman Lockyer, in a paper entitled "*The Chemistry of the Hottest Stars*." This was a continuation of the work which Mr. Norman Lockyer enunciated several years ago in the shape of a "*celestial dissociation*" theory, and which he has been following up since in the laboratory by means of exhaustive spectroscopic experiments. It is known that the spectra of various stars differ from each other and from that of the sun, and whereas many regard this difference as due to variations in composition, Mr. Lockyer considers that they are attributable to molecular variations simply, depending upon the state of heat of the particular star. On the dissociation hypothesis, with every considerable increase of temperature there would be a corresponding tendency for complex molecules of matter to be broken up into simpler ones, and for new lines to appear in the spectrum corresponding to the rate of vibration of these new molecules. As evidences that such action was actually taking place, Mr. Lockyer pointed out that the temperature of the reversing layers of a Cygni was higher than that of the reversing layers of the sun, and that consequently in the spectrum of the former we missed certain lines of iron, magnesium, calcium, &c., representing complex molecules, and had in place of them certain enhanced lines of iron, lines of hydrogen, and other lines representing substances with which we are not familiar. We might say that in passing from the lower temperature of the sun to the higher temperature of a Cygni that the complicated line spectrum of iron was replaced by a more simple one consisting of enhanced lines. The Orion stars were supposed to be hotter still than those like a Cygni, and in their case the quantity of iron and calcium appeared to be reduced, that of hydrogen increased, and the new gases known as the cleveite gases (*e.g.*, helium) made their appearance. These steps seem to show that dissociation is an actual fact taking place in the hotter stars, and that iron is a compound into the composition of which hydrogen entered, as well as the cleveite gases. Mr. Lockyer's theory is warmly contested by many people, who differ even as to the observed facts; but it cannot be denied that it has a fascination as well as a strong claim to acceptance, for the notion involved of an immense evolutionary progression from simple to complex structure as the stars cool down is as fine as any of the grand ideas in which astronomy is so fruitful.

In the American journal *Science*, one of the soundest and most ably conducted of all the scientific papers, there appear two interesting notes on protective colouration by Mr. A. E. Verrill, dealing with creatures of nocturnal habits and appearance. Most of these, as he points out, are either black, dark brown, or grey, and so adapted for concealment in shadows. Others have white and yellowish-white patches, which render them indistinguishable by moonlight. Butterflies with bright silvery spots on the under sides of their wings blend well at

night with the flowers on which they roost, and glisten like the dewdrops round them. Even the stupid animal becomes at night a living portion of the cane brake in which he sleeps or wanders. In the case of fishes Mr. Verrill has observed that many take on different colours when they are asleep from those which they have when awake, the general change being in the direction of a darkening of the markings. The most curious instance mentioned is that of the common "scup," or porgy (*Stenotomus chrysops*), which in the daytime is of a beautiful silvery colour with bright iridescent hues, but when asleep changes to a dull leaden colour, crossed by six black bands well adapted to conceal it amid the eel-grass in which it lies. On being awakened, the silvery colour at once reappears.

H. C. M.

ART.

THE studies of wild beasts by Mr. John M. Swan, A.R.A., exhibited by the Fine Art Society, are among the finest of their kind done by any contemporary artist. They are in a most unusual sense work from the life, for the life is life with an emphasis. Life-studies from half-hearted peasants, from pre-occupied models, from languid people generally; life-studies from semi-civilised cows; life-studies from sheep—these are one thing, and studies of a lioness's walk and of the closed down-fling of a panther's four legs, suddenly resting with a wild completeness and, as it were, a little eternity of motionlessness—these are another thing. The life of movement in these wild beasts has its equivalent in the life of immobility. Mr. Swan matches it all by the extraordinary vitality of his drawing. The first study of all is that of a "Hyderabad Tigress Walking"; she is *passant*, and you have the subtle profile of every motion. Another—a lioness—walks, too, with her limbs strongly knotted and loose. Mr. Swan has a completely artistic sense of the anatomy of these *felide*; he searches out the attachment of an elastic sinew because its whole action has visible effect. A wild beast has the leanness that makes him wear his skin like a living cloak, with the distinct life of muscle and with the distinct life of bone beneath. Stealth, hunting, hunger, fasting, and the perpetual labour and war of living—the wild beast's occupation—have long kept this angry physical life burning; and even in captivity it has not burnt out. Mr. Swan has studied many a jaguar and panther from the rear, with the intense action of their crouching as they drink or watch. Again, there is the bunch of powerful-paw'd young leopards as they sleep or drink together; a polar bear keeps guard upon a sea-hole; another climbs ice with her claws, and looks back at her hurrying cubs. Everywhere there is the weight as well as the force of life, and everywhere a dignity that is an alien dignity. Mr. Swan's exquisite drawing of parts reminds one somewhat of Holbein's, though the modern master has the more infallible hand. Both use a simplicity for the less

articulate, and an exquisite explicitness for the more articulate, passages of the figure they have to draw. In coming to fine articulations the pencil takes an extraordinary delicacy, definition, and power; it then draws intensely; about the broader forms it works loosely, though never weakly. For mere quality of drawing, apart from the beauty of the intelligence that has presented the different and separate life of wild beasts with human skill, the studies are fine examples of pure art. Where there is any intention of colour-effect, the colour is that of a colourist, and not merely that of an eye pleased with easy harmonies, contrasts, or complements.

A. M.

CORRESPONDENCE.

UNIVERSITY SLANG.

Nutfeld, Surrey: March 27.

I am aware that vigorous efforts have been made of late to trace slang expressions to their fountain-head. I have not seen, however, attention drawn to the fact that "keep," so generally used in Cambridge for "reside," was employed in precisely this sense in the sixteenth century, and consequently is good Old English, not modern slang. Shakespeare twice makes use of the expression: in "Titus Andronicus," act v., sc. 2; and again in "Henry IV.," pt. i., act i., sc. 3. It would be interesting to know if it can be found in the pages of other Elizabethan poets.

C. L. PERKINS.

JOHN MILTON.

Dulwich: March 30.

It is a little curious that, in the most luminous and informing appreciation of Milton which Mr. Francis Thompson contributes to this week's ACADEMY, he should not have quoted the passage in Shakespeare which Milton evidently had in mind when he wrote

"Some say, no evil thing that walks by night,
In fog or fire, by lake or moorish fen,
Blue meagre hag, or stubborn unlaid ghost
That breaks his magic chains at curfew-time;
No goblin, or swart faery of the mine,
Hath hurtful power o'er true virginity."

It is hardly possible to doubt that Milton is here intentionally recalling those seven lines in Hamlet i. i. which are so exactly the lines to take the fancy, and linger in the capacious memory of him who wrote the hymn on the Nativity:

"Some say, that even 'gainst that season comes
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
The bird of dawning singeth all night long;
And then, they say, no spirit can walk abroad;
The nights are wholesome; then no planets strike,
No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm,
So hallowed and so gracious is the time."

This delightful trick of delicate, suggestive allusion is frequent in Milton: "never before" (says Macaulay) "were such marked originality and such exquisite mimicry found together."

T. BARON RUSSELL.

Norwood: March 29.

In his interesting article on Milton in the ACADEMY of last week Mr. Francis Thompson says: "He is almost the sole great poet we recollect who was a Londoner, being born in that city of a scrivener, on December 9, 1608."

But surely nothing is more striking in the personal history of the great English poets than their partiality for being born in London, and, as Mr. Birrell has shown us, being educated at Cambridge! Chaucer's father and grandfather were both citizens and vintners of London, and he was himself, as far as all our evidence goes, born at the house in Thames-street. Spenser speaks in his "Prothalamium" of

"Merry London, my most kindly nurse
That to me gave this life's first native source."

Ben Jonson, too, was almost certainly a Londoner. Pope was born in Lombard-street. Keats and Byron also within the sound of Bow Bells, and the fashion was not abandoned by Robert Browning, who was born at Camberwell and gloried in being a Londoner. "Ashamed of having been born in the greatest city of the world?" he said, "What an extraordinary thing to say! It suggests a wavelet in a muddy shallow grimly contorting itself because it had its birth out in the great ocean." London has indeed been a "kindly nurse" of the poets!

H. W. W. MCANALLY.

BOOK REVIEWS REVIEWED.

Mr. Hardy's
"Well-Beloved,"
(Osgood.)

"THE Tragi-comedy of a Nympholept," the *Saturday* suggests as an appropriate title for Mr. Hardy's book: "it is permeated with the instinctive passion of beauty. . . . Mr. Hardy, therefore, has come back to his own province of the imagination"; but "whether the *moyen homme sensuel* will find this strange picture of erotic mirage credible or interesting we are not prepared to say." "A sketch of temperament so peculiar and abnormal," writes the *Speaker*, "that it only escapes being ridiculous by the real genius which is shown both in the conception and the execution of the work. . . . It says much for Mr. Hardy's genius that he has made this remarkable story really attractive, and that he himself seems to have taken as serious an interest in his hero as if that gentleman had been a reasonable human being instead of a crank with a monomania." "What can such a story mean?" asks Mr. W. L. Courtney in the *Telegraph*. ". . . It is a criticism of a phase of the artistic nature. You cannot for ever pursue the impalpable and abstract beauty without failing to secure the concrete and loving woman. . . . But with what real bitterness does Mr. Hardy envisage his moral! How ridiculous he makes his hero, with his ageing frame and his perennially juvenile heart! . . . The true Platonist ought to know that . . . the love of the beautiful body is but the lowest step in a progress towards an idea not of beauty alone, but also of the good. Perhaps this, too, Mr. Hardy designed as part of his lesson." As to the workmanship, the author "is not quite himself, except in the first section." The *Manchester Guardian* deplors "a paradoxical trend and the inadequacy of the central figure." If the writer of *The Return of the Native* be still with us, "we should suspect him," writes the *Pall Mall Gazette*, "of laughing at us out of these pages. . . . The solemn air of this narrative is enough to sink an ironclad. . . . But . . . we can easily recognise the hand of Mr. Hardy in the colour of his women. . . . As for Pierston, his close was quite con-

sistent, since his business was, among kindred undertakings which followed the extinction of the Well-Beloved and other ideals, to advance a scheme for the closing of the old natural fountains in the Street of Wells, because of their possible contamination, and supplying the townlet with water from pipes, a scheme that was carried out at his own expense. Don't you hear now that note of irony?"

"In his last book," writes the *Pall Mall*, "Mr. Hitchens has entirely proved himself. His talent does not lie so much in the conventional novel, but more in this strange and fantastic medium. . . . The story . . . grows in interest to the last." But "why Cuckoo? The Lady of the Feathers is unnecessary, and is merely a note of realism in the pages of a fantasy. . . . Mr. Hitchens's narrative is somewhat heavily laced with descriptions and conversations. . . . And yet a reader will forgive and forget all the faults for the value of the definite emotions which it conveys. The air is charged with horror." "Mr. Hitchens's . . . admirable qualities," writes the *National Observer*, "are those displayed in the telling of his story; his ridiculous qualities are those displayed in its construction; while his disgusting qualities arise from the diseased temperament which he cultivates in approaching life and dealing with its moral problems." He "possesses one of those incorrigibly morbid natures which sentimentalise over men as if they were women, and criticise women very much as if they were men. We regret this extremely; for his literary talents are brilliant. We can, however, pay them no higher compliment than by saying that they are sufficient to render *Flames* an entertaining and delightful volume." A writer in the *Telegraph* bids the reader notice "how strangely the man who wants us to believe in spirits insists on the most materialised images." He points out that the theory that "evil is not expelled by good, but by an evil that has repented of its sin, is opposed to all the teachings of science": "nature never forgives." The novel is finally labelled "a rhapsody of mysticism, a pean to the shameful Eros, a hymn of passionate sentimentality."

"Lying Prophets." By Eden Phillpotts. (Innes.)

"Mr. EDEN PHILLPOTTS," writes the *Pall Mall*, "has concentrated all his energies, made a brave effort, and accomplished a serious and admirable work. According to a critic in the *Telegraph* it is built upon the Faust-Marguerite theme. John Barron, artist and villain, is pronounced to be too far removed from our sympathy; though, according to the *Pall Mall*, he is drawn "with careful severity and with a great deal of understanding of what the artistic nature may become." Of Barron, the *Chronicle* writes: "The real man is kept before us all through, and from first to last he says and does nothing inconsistent with the character-sketch with which the author introduces him." "With his departure," says the *Standard*, ". . . the interest flags."

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